

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Autumn leaves: a photograph taken in Regent's Park, London

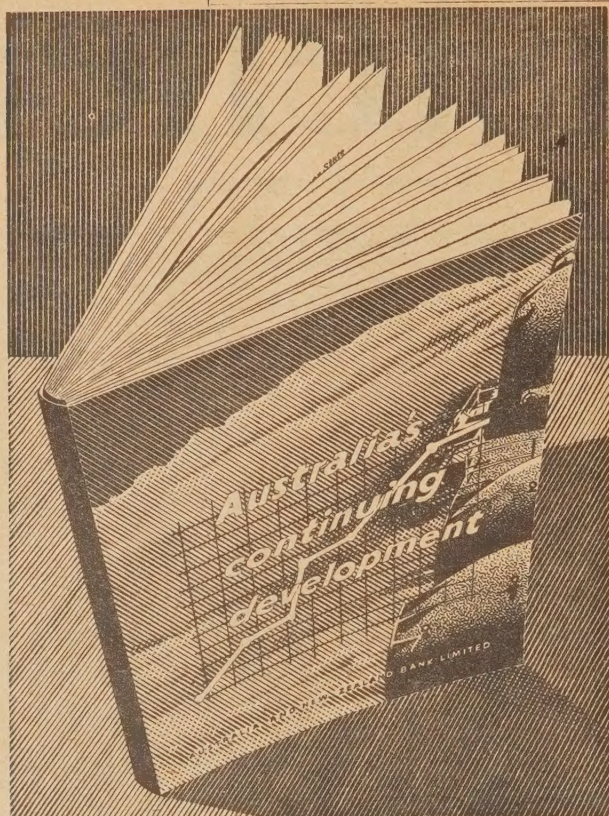
G. F. Allen

In this number:

France, Indo-China, and Communism (Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber)

Arguments for a New Farming Policy (Honor Croome)

The Unbroken 'Ring' (Alan Pryce-Jones)



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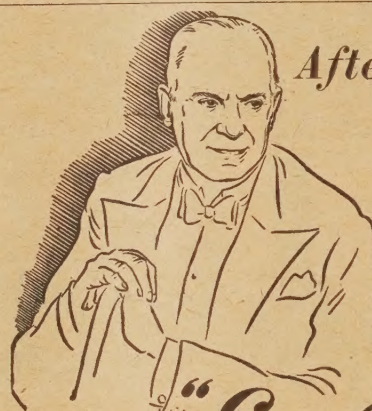
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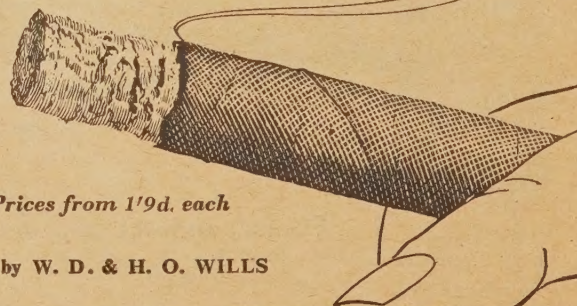


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The Listener

Vol. L. No. 1287

Thursday October 29 1953

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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France, Indo-China, and Communism

By JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER

TODAY in Paris the first full-dress debate on Indo-China for many years is raging in the French parliament*; and the political oratory is not isolated; also the press, and conversations in private or public, are centred on the Indo-Chinese war and what we should do about it. I cannot remember another time in recent years when public interest was so much monopolised by this dramatic Asiatic war. Suddenly it appears to many people that the Indo-Chinese people, who were supposedly on our side, are almost as anti-French as those we are fighting under communist leadership. It appears with great clarity that if, by a miracle, we could win the war in Indo-China, we would still have to leave the country, and with no more advantage to France than if we were defeated.

So this week a growing number of political leaders, especially, oddly enough, those who have constantly favoured our military efforts in Asia, are asking this question: what are we doing over there? Why are we fighting? There lies a tragic misunderstanding between us and our allies, a misunderstanding that our governments should have cleared up a long time ago, but that they let grow, on the contrary, until it is perhaps too late to discuss it, and it will have to be exploded by the force of events. Because I do not think it is quite too late yet, I would like to discuss it here.

The misunderstanding can be put in simple terms. The French people have been told that we are fighting to preserve the integrity

of our common world. But on the other hand our allies have been convinced that we are fighting in the name of the Anti-Communist Alliance to promote the independence of Indo-China. The men who fight are dying for the defence of the Union Française; but the guns they fight with have been given to us for an anti-communist crusade in Asia. The conflict between these two explorations, these two motives, does not have to be faced immediately since, as long as the war was going on, nobody could see clearly what would be the structure of the Indo-Chinese states after the war had been won. But suddenly it came: it came this week in two days—the Congress in Saigon made it inevitable. Now the contradiction, the double gain, the misunderstanding, are clearly laid in front of all eyes. I think it is basically a healthy development, but I am also convinced that the next few weeks will be very difficult for France, perhaps dramatic.

I believe that now is the time when we shall pay for the lack of political courage and foresight of some of our leaders, and not only French leaders, but also of the other Atlantic countries. The first shock will come in Paris. If the Union Française idea is exploded, what are they going to tell the country? If you tell the French people today that they should continue the war in Indo-China because it is an important fight against the advance of communism, they will ask you a few questions: Is it not more essential to have a decent French army on the European continent? Is it not more

efficient to concentrate our strength in Africa where we still have a good chance to win against communism? Is it not more vital to put our money and the efforts of our men in the construction of houses in our country and the development of our production to stop the increasing influence of the Communist Party in France?

A Communist Vote that Doubled

These questions, and others, are relevant. Today we are terribly weakened on all other fronts because of Indo-China. We are afraid of a German army, we are stumbling in North Africa, we are dragging behind all other European countries in our economic progress. Is it reasonable, is it the essential role of France in the global competition with communism, to fight a hopeless war in northern Viet-Nam, 6,000 miles from Paris? We do not think it is. No responsible leader in the west can possibly believe that it is. Let me tell you what happened lately in a small agricultural district of France. There was a by-election to replace a district council representative who died last month. He was a Conservative. When he was elected eighteen months ago he got about 1,500 votes, and the Communist candidate 800. The remaining candidates had together 1,000 votes. At the first ballot this time the new Conservative candidate, who was well known in the district, and personally popular, got 1,300 votes, and the Communist 1,200 votes, which is already 400 more than in 1951. Since an absolute majority was not obtained, there had to be a second ballot. This came a week later, last Sunday. Then the Conservative candidate got 100 more than a week before, and the Communist jumped to 1,800 votes. He was elected.

Those facts are momentous: first that the Communist vote has increased more than double since 1951; second, that 600 people decided to vote Communist from one Sunday to the other. If you look closely at the local situation, you will see that the strikes of last August have made a lasting impression against government policy; and you will see also that a local factory had to close down three months ago for lack of orders. That factory put a number of unemployed workers in the street, and most of them did not find another job, since many other sectors of our industry are also in a state of crisis. Thus industrial recession affects in turn the situation and the political outlook of the peasants. Since a great number of industrial workers are, if not completely out of work, paid only for a reduced working schedule, their buying power has strongly decreased. The effect is noticeable on the food market now, where the offer is much greater than the demand. Today in many parts of France the peasants refuse to sell at the present low prices, and they wage spectacular but inefficient strikes to force the government to launch a noble farm policy.

All these factors have heavily influenced the voters in the test case I have submitted to you. It is considered in French political circles to be a disturbing symptom of a widespread phenomenon. I shall not over-simplify by telling you that Indo-China is directly or entirely responsible for the French economic and political crisis, and the victory of this local Communist representative; but in many ways it is true.

Desire to End the War

Finally, it is obvious now that the Indo-China war is not a fight for the protection of the French Commonwealth. So the French people are asking loudly: what reason is there to continue? The only other reason, the one officially given to our allies, is that we need to fight against the advance of communism; but it is now clear that in the name of that fight we are rather helping communism in Europe and in France. The conclusion, for a growing number of Frenchmen, is that we should take the first possible occasion to end the war in Indo-China by an armistice and negotiation.

Immediately after the Indo-Chinese problem, and closely linked to it, comes in France the problem of the European army. For the main reason why so many Frenchmen have grave doubts about

the European army's project is because of our military weakness on the continent before the German potential threat. Until now, Indo-China was the main factor limiting our military contribution in Europe, but since last month it is more than that. It is responsible for a new decrease in that contribution. For the first time, a number of reinforcements have been sent to Asia from our occupation army in Germany. The psychological effect in France has been great. We already know that the Germans, with no commitments at all outside Europe, can quickly equal our strength. If we start sending some of it to Asia, the equilibrium will be further deteriorated, and who can tell what is the limit to the needs of our army in Asia, if, as we foresee, the fight is much harder this winter than in previous years? Anyway, the French doubts about the European army have increased, and in the last ten days two more reasons have come into the picture, both unfavourable to the project. One is the speech made at Margate by the British Prime Minister.

When Sir Winston Churchill stated bluntly that if France would not ratify the treaty, he would be in favour of arming the Germans inside the Atlantic Pact, many observers in Paris thought that the effect in France would be bad, because it sounded like an ultimatum. That is not quite correct. The effect has been detrimental, I think, in France to the European army project, but for another reason. If many French people accepted the idea of the project, it is because they felt it was the only safe way to rearm the Germans. It was the only safe way to do so inside an integrated common army. But now we see a very responsible western statesman who says that there is a perfectly reasonable alternative: German participation in the Atlantic Alliance. If that man was American we might think that perhaps he does not appreciate, as we do, the German danger because he has not felt it so closely, so intimately; but the man is Prime Minister of Great Britain, a country that has suffered as much as we have from German militarism.

Britain and the European Army

If the British are not afraid of the German entry in a loose coalition army, why should we be? That line of reasoning is now widely spread in France. To emphasise Churchill's speech, we can also state that the negotiation between France and England on the possible British association with the European army has until now been unsatisfactory. Officially, little is known about it; as you know, many French Deputies in parliament, and the entire Socialist Party, have made it a condition of their vote that a workable and intimate relationship should be established between the British and the European armies. So long as this problem remains clouded with mystery, nobody can exactly forecast the vote in France. But it has just become known in Paris that the latest British document on that question has been closely examined by the French military experts, and that they were very disappointed. The latest British proposals, at least on paper, would seem here to associate Britain with the European group only by a very superficial link, with no essential difference between that link and a classical coalition. That again has not increased the chances of the project.

If nothing comes to reverse the present trend, I think it is possible that the French might accept the entry of German contingents in the Atlantic Alliance in one way or other, rather than the integrated European army. As we see things today, the two main preoccupations in France are, first, to find a way to a negotiated peace in Indo-China; second, to remain close to Britain in Europe and accept no project that the British are not likely to accept themselves later. Perhaps that evaluation of our policy does not quite fit with the image you have been accustomed to, but I believe it is fair.—*Home Service*

The six talks on *Hellenism and the Modern World* by Gilbert Murray are now available in book form under the same title (Allen and Unwin, 5s.). These talks, which were originally given on the Radiodiffusion Française and later on the B.B.C.'s Home Service, appeared in *THE LISTENER* early this year.

Woomera and the Atomic Tests

By IVOR JONES, B.B.C. special correspondent

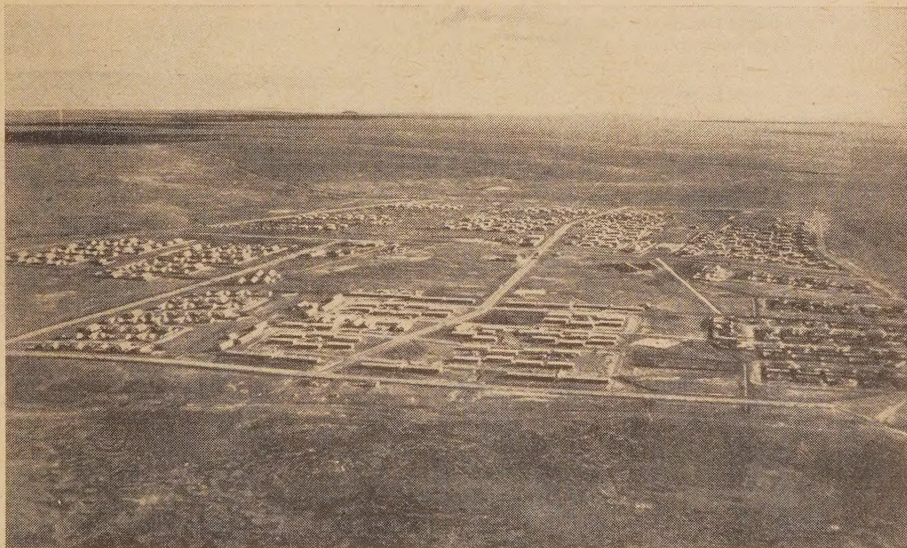
A WEEK or so before the most recent atomic weapon was exploded*, transforming itself momentarily into a fireball a good deal hotter than the sun, one of the men concerned described this terrifying occurrence as 'an interesting scientific experiment'. He said this with an air of detached interest that was Olympian compared with the mere curiosity of people like myself, who had been speculating, and still are, as to whether this new and apparently economical weapon is intended for tactical use in war, or as a war-head for a supersonic rocket, or what you will.

This experiment, as he called it, and others, had involved, with a kind of logical ruthlessness, transforming one of the most ancient and desolate parts of the world into one of its most modern and formidable laboratories: a laboratory that extends for more than 1,000 miles across the Australian continent, and beyond that if necessary for another 1,500 miles out to sea. It is the Woomera guided missile range, earmarked at first for testing rockets and the like and now put to atomic use as well.

The correspondents who went to report the latest explosion have probably seen more of it than anyone who is not in some way connected with the work there, because the tower on which they saw the weapon touched off lay about 400 miles inside the range. The whole of those 400 miles are a stark, prehistoric wilderness. It is at its worst seen from the air. From above it seems an endless rolling red plain, barely speckled with the olive green of tenacious trees and shrubs. Sometimes these merge into a ribbon along the slopes of water courses, where, however, no water seems to flow. Here and there, like scars on the desolate face of this landscape, are occasional dirty-white salt-pans—beautiful only when they shine in the morning sun like frozen lakes. There are claypans too, huge, shallow depressions in the desert

floored with clay that cracks in the sun. From the air they look like blotchy coffee stains. At its best, this country can support only three sheep to the square mile. Human life is only possible with the kind of effort that would go into maintaining a town through a never-ending siege.

There are, in the rocket range, two main settlements of scientists and engineers. The first is Woomera itself—a strange, barren outpost



Woomera, 'strange, barren outpost' in the heart of the Australian desert

that relies on water pumped 120 miles across the parched land. It has no reason for existing at all, except that missiles can be fired from there to the north-west with barely the slightest risk that they will hit anyone even if they travel 3,000 miles. Its name is a word the aborigines gave the sticks they use to gain great distance in spear-throwing: a way of guiding missiles, but with a difference. And in the past five or six years it has grown into a township of nearly 2,000 people. But more about Woomera later. As far as the atomic tests are concerned, it serves as little else than a staging post. The tests needed their own settlement farther into the desert, less permanent and even more spy-proof.

The decision to hold these tests, including two major explosions of which that on October 15 was the first, was taken late last year. Unlike the Monte Bello explosion, which was in a lagoon, these were to be held inland. The interior of the Woomera range was chosen, with the agreement of the Australian Government, and about nine months ago, work began. Probably only the prospect of an atomic explosion or striking gold would have persuaded anyone to undertake it. At the test site, the temperature can rise to 112 degrees in the daytime, and fall below freezing point at night. The place drones with flies in warm weather, although what they found to live on until men arrived, it is hard to say. Any strong wind brings with it an inescapable red dust. And the landscape, which from above looks so bare, turns out on the ground to be an obstacle course of small stones, shifting sand and obstructive shrubs. There are gnarled trees with names such as mulga and quondong, and grey-bush, salt-bush, blue-bush and spinifex.

Every lorry or convoy setting out from Woomera for the test site was equipped like an explorer's expedition, and indeed, this is more a country for explorers than scientists. But they had to



Explosion of the atomic weapon at Woomera on October 15

* Since this talk was broadcast, another British atomic explosion was made at Woomera

accept it because they needed such a large-scale laboratory. The convoys took with them tents, and enough water, food, and petrol to last twice the expected time of their journey. Aircraft stood by to search for them in case they were bogged down in sand drifts. And, even so, more than three-quarters of the supplies for this nuclear camp had to be flown in, including the weapon that was exploded on October 15. An airfield was cleared on a claypan near the site of the main camp, and there half a dozen aircraft landed from Woomera every day.

This camp was built by Australian servicemen. They worked as many as seventy hours a week, and lived in what—even officially—are described as primitive conditions. So far as I know, only people concerned with the operation have visited the camp. But correspondents, including myself, have seen it from the air. It is simply a group of Nissen huts and neatly pitched green tents, and beyond it (an outpost of an outpost, and nearer the weapon tower) is another smaller encampment. Between them runs a strange pattern of roads that show up even better than the plain earth, presumably linking the scores of points where instruments have been installed to measure the effect of the explosion. These instruments too had to be brought up from Woomera and beyond, with the same difficulty.

As to what life has been like at the test site, there is some evidence in a brochure that is presented to newcomers to its staff. It starts: 'Welcome to Emu Claypan'—the name Emu was bestowed by Sir William Penney himself, who knows the place well. And it goes on in memorable understatement to say: 'There are in Australia many better places at which to end a 12,000 miles flight'—that is, the flight from the United Kingdom, since most of the scientists involved have come from there. In the pamphlet there are warnings against using water lavishly, about keeping oneself clean, and advice not to take short cuts across the desert, and—which is significant but not surprising—it says 'tempers fray easily, and a little thought will do much to avoid unpleasant occurrences'. Anyone who experienced the growing tension of the week's delay before the explosion, even more comfortably and at a greater distance, will understand that this, though trite, also borders on understatement. And the pamphlet declares, twice, 'We all hope to be home by Christmas'. The men on the site still have much work to do; for instance, in analysing the results of this last and subsequent explosions. But, all the same, this feeling that the job will soon be over is different from the one met at Woomera itself, where people seem to take it for granted that the place, and research into guided missiles, have no foreseeable end.

What the scientists at the test site thought of the explosion I do not know, nor the emotions of the last man to leave the weapon tower, taking with him the safety links that had to be handed into the control room before the weapon could be detonated. But the feeling of many laymen there, after the wonder at the first sight of the fireball, the sense of strangeness at the curving funnel that twisted down to earth from the weapon's modest cloud, and the impact of the explosion's din, was perhaps of how little this spectacle had changed the desert. The landscape was still the same; the unbroken, parched, gibber plain. In this country, where drought and wind have been winning their perpetual war for hundreds of thousands of years, there was little more that even an atomic weapon could add to the desolation.

At Emu Claypan the desert has to be accepted as something that makes the temporary life there arduous and unpleasant. Men live and work much as an army might during a campaign. But at Woomera itself, about 400 miles nearer civilisation, things are different. There, if only in a small area, the desert has almost been shut out. Its people have the life, not so much of soldiers in the field, as of a peace-time

garrison. As far as work is concerned, the place is mainly dedicated to two kinds of remotely controlled and, in their way, intelligent machines. One is the guided missile or rocket. Some of these are prototypes made from the pattern of future weapons. Others are simply called vehicles, designed to test motors or control systems. They look like sharp-nosed torpedoes, a dozen or more feet long. Missiles can travel at 2,000 miles an hour and may cost £10,000. The life of some is as brief as a minute. The other type of machine is a Jindivik, a minute jet-propelled aeroplane that looks rather like a V1 and serves as a target for rockets. It can be controlled from the ground with a device not much bigger than a cigar box that is studded with push-buttons and has a miniature joystick.

Woomera's activity is concentrated on the points where these machines are flung into the air: the rocket-launching site and the airstrip nearby. A little farther to the rear are the instruments that control their flight and analyse their performance, instruments with abstruse

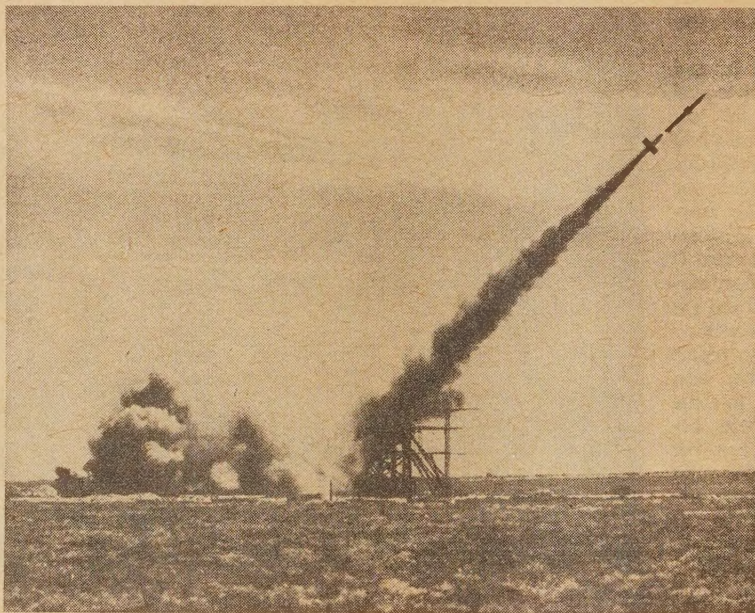
names and functions, such as kine theodolites, telemeter gauges, and doppler effect reckoners. They are installed in caravans and huts set along an arc of roadway behind the main range. Further back are the supply echelons—assembly sheds, workshops, accommodation for the contractors who make the missiles, offices and the rest. These are concentrated particularly in the technical centre, set far enough back to be safe from even the most wayward rocket. It is more than twenty-five miles to the rear of the main test range, and is joined to it by a monotonous road that bumps across the half-desert where the only prospect of variety is the chance of seeing a kangaroo, an emu, or a wedge-tailed eagle.

All these installations seem to be expanding. New launching sites are being built, one of them with its control positions and instruments deep under-

ground in a concrete-lined bunker. This is for missiles that reach their targets by riding a radar beam: at least, that is how the scientists describe it. They say it is a technique that could be used in warships. Besides this, a large new building is being put up to house even more instruments. In the rear, more space is being provided for contracting firms that are moving in in greater strength. And many members of the staff at least assume that this expansion will go on, because the guided missile has already shown that it is a potentially powerful weapon. One senior scientist told me that next spring he thought it would be possible for a rocket to hit a Jindivik in flight. There is none of the feeling there is out at the atomic test site, that these experiments will soon be over. Woomera has already cost about £30,000,000 and has become an essential part of British Commonwealth defence research.

Certainly there is little that is makeshift about either the installations or the town, which lies a few miles on the safe side of the technical centre. So far more than 400 of the staff have brought their wives to Woomera, and, with them, 540 children. These, according to one Service officer, are growing up tough little creatures. There is a school, there is a hospital, there is a cricket pitch of bare red earth, and soon there will be a swimming pool. There are various stores but little choice in shopping.

Around Woomera runs an unseen double fence. The first of these barriers is security, that shuts out all but the most carefully screened. The second is the hot, arid void outside that serves only to shut the town in on itself. The men one meets at Woomera are kindly and hospitable. They are anxious, as far as security and technical difficulty allow, to explain what they are doing and what their problems are. Their community, as far as I know, is as happy as any other. But in a different, less obtrusive way, it is almost as much the victim of the wilderness as the men at Emu Claypan.—*Home Service*



Launching a rocket during tests on the Woomera range

Cold Truce after Cold War?

By WILLIAM CLARK

THIS time last week I was sitting in a hotel bedroom in Rome with my ear to the wireless faintly hearing Vernon Bartlett's talk on Trieste. I knew then that this week I should not have to worry you about the details of that unhappy business. But all over Rome at that time, in fact all over Italy, everyone was discussing the Trieste problem. It filled the Italian horizon to the exclusion of almost all other topics. I was vividly reminded of a visit to Karachi when everyone was talking about Kashmir, and saying that if the question of whether it belonged to India or Pakistan were not soon settled they would leave the Commonwealth. That was three and a half years ago, and the question is not yet settled.

Lesson from Trieste

I am not going to discuss Trieste, I am not going to discuss Kashmir. I want in my first talk in this series to try to say something more general about how I believe world affairs are developing, but I feel most strongly that there is one lesson we can learn from what has happened so far in Trieste which will help to make clear a great deal that is obscure about foreign affairs today. That lesson is best summed up in the words of Britain's first Prime Minister, Robert Walpole, who said that his policy was: 'Let sleeping dogs lie'. That is not a very noble policy; it is not at all an exciting policy; I am pretty sure that no government today will openly proclaim it as their own policy, but I do suggest that it is becoming the actual policy of many governments.

It seems to me that all over the world today we have situations like Trieste—situations in which there are rival claims to some territory and unsettled frontiers. The question before us is always the same: shall we try to impose a legal, just, and final solution, or shall we allow the present actual division to continue, shall we let sleeping dogs lie? It is easy to see which policy sounds best. I think it is rather less easy to be sure which policy we are in fact following, and by 'we' I mean the whole free world.

For a moment let us look at some of the similar situations that exist around the world. I have already mentioned Kashmir, where India and Pakistan both claim the whole state, but in fact in the past five years a sort of partition has been accepted, and it seems to me it is likely to go on being accepted for some time. In Palestine the recent massacre at Qibya shows how unsettled and violent Israel's frontier is today; yet even so that 'temporary armistice frontier' seems after three years to be very difficult to alter. In the Far East you have the Chinese Government in Peking claiming to rule the island of Formosa, while the Government of Formosa claims that by right it rules over China. Once again after five years of that quarrel it seems to me pretty clear that that situation has hardened into something permanent, which most nations simply accept as a fact. In Korea the temporary armistice line of 1945, running along the thirty-eighth parallel, that temporary armistice line, has become so accepted that an attempt to upset it led to war. In Germany the temporary armistice line running along the Elbe and through the streets of Berlin has hardened so that the Russian attempt to alter it by blockading Berlin nearly led to war in Europe.

There is a French saying—based on their experience with governments—that it is only the provisional which lasts. Certainly today all over the world we can see provisional frontiers which have lasted a very long time. In Korea and in Germany these provisional frontiers are actually the lines which divide the Soviet from the non-Soviet world. They may be absurd lines with little or no relation to the facts of race or geography or national feeling, but they exist. And the question that we are right up against at this moment is: Should we alter them?

Take Korea first. There are now meetings going on at Panmunjom to try to get the political conference on the future of Korea under way. The objective of the United Nations at that conference, if it ever meets, is to get Korea unified, to sweep away the absurd boundary between north and south Korea, and reunite the whole country. That is obviously the best solution, the only one which takes account of the Koreans themselves, whose country is at present divided in half by an arbitrary geographical line on the map. Yet what are the chances that the United

Nations will succeed in achieving this ideal solution? I should have said almost nil. United Nations forces tried to reunite Korea by force, and they failed; there is very little chance that they will gain at the conference table what they have failed to gain on the field of battle. Even if the political conference meets, and even if it goes well, I think we must expect that for some time to come Korea will remain divided more or less along the thirty-eighth parallel. The problem that we shall be faced with is that of policing it, against any attempt (by Syngman Rhee or the communists in the north) to alter that line of division by force. In other words, our hope will be that the provisional line will become semi-permanent.

The situation in Germany is not so very different. The three Western Foreign Ministers last week sent off another Note to Russia suggesting that there should be a meeting of all four Foreign Ministers to talk about the unification of Germany. It is possible that there will be such a meeting, though I think it is not likely in the near future; but even if there is a meeting it hardly seems possible that it will agree on the reunification of Germany. The Western Powers have committed themselves to insisting on free elections throughout Germany before unification. But ever since the east German revolt in June, the Russians have known for sure that any free elections would sweep away their communist government in east Germany. Therefore there will not be free elections; therefore there will not be German reunification, at any rate for some time. The provisional, temporary division of Germany, agreed at Yalta, will enter its tenth year of permanence.

End of a Phase

I have been ranging all over the world, from Jerusalem to Panmunjom, from Berlin to Karachi, but I do feel that we can see a certain pattern emerging from this wide survey. What seems to be happening everywhere is that people are more or less prepared to accept the situation as it exists, perhaps with a good deal of grumbling; but any attempt to formalise or to legalise the situation, or to alter it in any way, leads to great trouble. Consider the trouble caused by the attempt at a Trieste solution, and think how much worse this trouble would be if the two sides involved were the Soviet and the non-Soviet worlds. What has happened is that we have come to the end of one phase in the Cold War; it seems probable that the phase of communist expansion by political force (as in Czechoslovakia) or by military force (as in Korea) has come to an end, for the time being at any rate. The military build-up of the west has produced a balance of power. There is a world stalemate, of which the stalemate in Korea is just one example.

The question is: What comes next? It has always seemed likely if the Cold War ended it would be by an overall settlement, involving for instance a peace treaty with Germany, and agreement about the Chinese and Korean questions. Now it seems to me that this is less likely. The Cold War may be followed by a cold truce; a state of affairs in which there is no general settlement, but in which both sides agree, perhaps reluctantly, perhaps without saying so, but agree to accept the existing situation, and not to try to upset it. Obviously this is not an ideal or a final solution, but there does seem a good deal of evidence that the cold truce is the next phase of world affairs.

—Home Service

Among recent publications are the following books: *World History*, by J. C. Reville (Longmans, 30s.); *The Army Air Forces in World War II, Vol. 5. The Pacific: Matterhorn to Nagasaki, June 1944 to August 1945*, edited by W. F. Craven and J. L. Cate (Cambridge, 64s.); *Archangel, 1918-19*, by Field-Marshal Lord Ironside (Constable, 21s.); *The Dialogues of Plato*, translated into English with analyses and introductions by B. Jowett (Oxford, 4 vols., fourth edition, £6 6s. 0d.); *The Principal Upanisads*, edited with introduction, text, translation and notes by Radhakrishnan (Allen and Unwin, 50s.); *A History of Valentines*, by Ruth Webb Lee (Batsford, 42s.); *English Fairs and Markets*, by William Addison (Batsford, 21s.); *Truffle Hunt with Sacheverell Sitwell* (Hale, 24s.); *The Bull of Minos*, by Leonard Cottrell (Bevans, 16s.).

Arguments for a New Farming Policy

By HONOR CROOME

OVER the past twelve months it has become increasingly clear that some fresh thinking is needed on agricultural policy. The 1947 Agriculture Act was a very useful act in 1947. But the policy arising from it does not fit the circumstances of 1953. In 1947 a tremendous lot of loose money faced a very limited supply of food. Whatever farmers produced was sure to be readily bought; any practicable increase in any ration would be certainly taken up. Policy was directed, as it had been throughout the war, to the massive but comparatively simple job of filling the consumer's stomach with a diet which would keep him reasonably healthy. If his desire for more milk was mild, his desire for more beef passionate, that did not matter—he would take more milk, anyway.

Three Government Instruments

The instruments of that policy were, broadly speaking, three. First, guaranteed prices, paid by the state trading machine, for all staple products, prices fixed at a level which would encourage every sort of production, but flanked by controls—as on feeding stuffs—which barred the farmer from expanding too far in certain directions; a matter of carrot and curb rather than carrot and stick. Secondly, subsidies to ensure that the food thus expensively bought did not cost the consumer more than he could comfortably afford. Thirdly, as a necessary counterpart to these, the rationing system to share out these products among the eager buyers.

Today supply and demand for food—with comparatively few exceptions—are coming into line. That mass of loose money has mostly disappeared; it has been mopped up both by higher prices and by the growth of opportunities for spending. Food production has increased both at home and abroad. For one foodstuff after another, rationing has been abolished or become inoperative. With rationing gone, the combination of guaranteed price and subsidy would mean an unlimited liability such as no Chancellor could face; with the subsidy gone, the guaranteed price is left in the air, either a purely paper safeguard or, as in America today, a source of huge unmarketable surpluses. Yet to scrap guaranteed prices without putting anything in their place, to repeat the scuttle back to *laissez-faire* which followed the first world war, is generally felt to be intolerable. Here is a blind alley; how do we get out?

Agricultural policy is a highly technical matter calling for expert judgment. But before turning the experts loose it might be as well to go back to the basic facts, the elementary first principles and half-forgotten platitudes, which put technical questions in perspective. It is this perspective, this background of basic fact and principle, with which I am concerned.

Take the first crashing platitude: the income of food producers equals the public's outlay on food. As that outlay rises, whether because the public is eating more, or because it is paying more for the same amount, or because it is buying more home-grown and less imported food, so the food-producer's income rises; and it can rise in no other way. When governments act, by any means whatever, to increase the incomes of food producers, they are forcing the consumer to lay out his spending otherwise than he would freely choose to do. This is true whether policy cuts him off from cheap foreign supplies, or outlaws price-competition, or takes away part of his income and spends it on subsidies to make food cheaper in the shops. No juggling between different methods alters this basic fact. People at every income level above that of sheer, stark famine—even very ill-fed people—have their own ideas about where to strike a balance between food and other things. When policy increases the food-producer's income it does so by substituting a government-determined balance for a freely chosen balance. The first big question about agricultural policy is: what are the justifications for forcing people to give food a higher priority than they would give it spontaneously?

This question is apt to get confused with the social justice argument for food subsidies. But they are quite separate. Food subsidies are an equalising device, since the taxes which finance them bear most heavily

on the rich and the cheapness of food makes most difference to the poor. But they are a wasteful and clumsy device, involving a maximum of shuffling from one pocket to another for the community in general compared with the benefit received by the few net gainers. With some reservations for the welfare subsidies which especially benefit children and really belong on the education budget, they are due—if social justice is the only aim—to be swept away and replaced by more generous social insurance benefits, family allowances, and so forth. The essential question remains that of directed priorities versus spontaneous priorities.

That is the basic question concerning consumers. Another, equally elementary, concerns producers. I have rather pedantically referred, so far, to food producers, and not to farmers; not because of including market gardeners, and orchard keepers, and so on, but because the farmer or other primary producer does not do the job on his own. He is in partnership, not only with nature but with a whole range of workers who never set foot on a farm. When a worker leaves the land and goes into a tractor factory, he does not cease to be a food producer. In fact, the partnership between the man on the tractor's seat and the man who helps make the tractor is far more fruitful than that of two men on an unmechanised farm.

In more general terms, partnership—division of labour—between farm and industry, farm and trade, farm and science, raises food production far above what even the ablest farmer could accomplish with his own resources. And when the farmer's specialised job is done the production job is still not finished. From the point of view of a hungry baby in Hoxton, milk on a farm in Somerset might just as well still be grass in the fields. Distributors, processors, transport workers, are partners, too, in the complete production cycle; and their work must be paid for no less than the farmer's own. What the public pays in total for its food must pay all the members of the production partnership. But—and here is the second big question of policy—can market forces be left to settle the share-out between the farmer and the other participants? The farmer says 'No'. The farmer claims that market forces, left to themselves, give him a share so small and insecure that he cannot do his job properly. Policy, he says in effect, must steer more of the public's outlay on food into his pockets, less into the pockets of the indirect producers, the manufacturers and the merchants.

Inadequate total outlay on food; wrong division of that outlay between farmers and others—that is the situation which policy must remedy, or prevent from arising. But 'inadequate' and 'wrong' are thoroughly question-begging terms. 'Inadequate outlay'? Who says so? The consumer knows where the shoe pinches better than anyone else. 'Wrong division'? Why? If some land goes out of cultivation, if some farmers and their workers take to other jobs, why is that particular movement of resources and man-power worse than any other shift from a point of low return to one of higher return? Those are the questions still obstinately asked by the dwindling band of Free Traders, people who were brought up to believe that the place to grow food, or to produce anything else, is where it can be produced at lowest real cost, where man-power and capital, directly or indirectly applied, will yield the most. And the answer one generally gets to those questions, the arguments generally used in favour of agricultural protection, subsidy, and privilege, are a disgrace to an intelligent democracy; intellectually disreputable, politically cynical, and sentimentally false.

Justification carried to Absurdity

The protectionist argument would justify dropping an iron curtain round every parish to safeguard its producers from competition. The argument for subsidies would justify feeding a dog on its own tail. The argument for privilege in general would justify every piece of special pleading which has ever undermined the morality of government. If we ever get a violent reaction from the policy of protection, subsidy, and privilege, the way that policy has been presented and defended will be very largely to blame.

All the same, there are factors in the situation which give a real and legitimate meaning to the notions of inadequate outlay on food

and wrong division of that outlay. It is those factors that I want to isolate. The first is what one may call the time-horizon factor, the limited time-span of individual interest. Its most obvious aspect is the strategic one. The strategic argument, though obvious, can be fearfully overworked. There are few things an aggressor would like better than to see Britain's industrial power and shipping cramped and crippled for the sake of self-sufficiency in food. What sort of show would we have put up against Hitler had our economy been like that of Denmark? But a rather bigger iron ration for emergencies is an advantage worth some sacrifice in other directions. So the cost of encouraging that much more food production at home, making that much more certain of the power to expand production in case of need, can be counted as a part of the whole defence burden.

But strategy is not the whole story. The time-horizon argument is much wider. The free-trade case, the case for letting things be produced at the least real cost in capital and man-power, is watertight. We are not so rich, or so well fed, that we can afford to misapply and waste our resources. But the cost must be truly weighed, the balance of advantage truly struck; and the short-run balance, which is all the individual consumer or trader sees, may be badly out of true when applied to the future which our children must inherit.

Take the nineteenth-century estimate of what it cost to grow food abroad, the estimate which determined the extent of Britain's swing over from farming to industry. It was, as we now see, far too low. It allowed nothing for maintaining the new lands whose stored fertility made them so attractive, for averting erosion and flooding and all the other evil results of mining and robbing the soil. The cost which was unmet then is still to pay in our time. The same can be said of the cost of fighting the pests and diseases encouraged by that single-crop cultivation which looked so cheap in the short run; or, again, without much stretching the argument, of the fearful social problems which are the legacy of cheap plantation culture in the colonies. If it had been anyone's business to calculate these long-run costs, if the price of imported food had included a margin to provide for conservation, crop diversification, and so on, the balance of advantage to this country of direct and indirect production would have been correctly registered by the market. We should still have industrialised ourselves—but not so far. We should still have imported food—but not so much. And I think it is undeniable that today everyone would have been better off.

Growth of World Population

Today, looking at the unequal battle still being waged between soil destruction and soil reclamation, one may well conclude that much imported food is still under-priced. The same argument applies when one looks at the other major influence on the world food market of the future—the growth of world population: 25,000,000 extra mouths a year are 25,000,000 reasons for expecting food to get dearer—even when one has allowed for the fact that, fortunately for us, and unfortunately for them, a great many of them are not in a position to outbid us commercially for a share of the world's exportable food surpluses.

If food is under-priced, if it is going to get dearer, then wise speculators should be buying forward against the coming scarcity, wise producers should be laying plans for bigger food production. But this is too long-term a speculation for traders to finance or for individual farmers to act on. We are not expecting famine next year. We cannot even say that next year, or five years hence, food will be dearer. In fact it is cheaper today, in comparison with manufactures and services, than it was two years ago. What can reasonably be forecast is a secular trend underlying the ups and downs of harvest and trade, a long-run shift of advantage from the indirect to the direct winning of food. That is not an adequate incentive to the farmer; he cannot run his farm at a loss throughout a lifetime so that it may profitably serve our grandchildren's needs. But it is a very rational incentive to us as citizens, taking the citizen's long view, to make farming better worth while today than the balance of short-run market advantage would make it.

There is the first argument for intervention. It does not rest either on a mystical view of the virtues of agriculture or on a conviction that governments are always wiser than individuals; it only assumes that the span of human life and of individual self-interest, however enlightened, falls short of the time-horizon which is relevant to this particular question. I do not think one can get away from that fact.

The second argument rests on the special characteristics of farming, the ways in which it differs from other kinds of economic activity. The

farmer's production cycle is longer than the merely annual revolution from crop to crop, longer than that of any industrial undertaking. To build up a well-balanced farm is a lifetime's job; to break up its capital structure may be the work of a single forced sale in a bad season. Because his capital structure is so slow-built and so vulnerable, the farmer has, as it were, his head in Chancery—more so than the industrialist, incomparably more so than the merchant. When there is a shift of supply and demand his partners can adapt themselves comparatively easily and painlessly—leaving him to stand the consequences, perhaps stripped of labour, perhaps holding unsaleable crops. They have a power of manoeuvre which he lacks. Economic theory takes no cognisance of this power of manoeuvre; but it is highly relevant to policy.

Minimum Requirement

The minimum requirement of any economic policy is to establish a framework of institutions, a rule of the road. Agricultural policy might well learn from the rule of the road at sea; for that rule gives the less manoeuvrable sailing ship right of way over the more manoeuvrable power-driven vessel. Any farm, however highly mechanised, is essentially a sailing ship in a power-driven world; and what the farmer needs is an economic equivalent for the seaman's right of way. Guaranteed or supported prices for particular crops do, with all their faults, provide such an equivalent. They shift the burden of insecurity, of the need to adapt, from the farmer to more mobile interests. They do not abolish the burden. Someone must carry it. But it is neither particularly expedient nor particularly just that the farmer should carry it all.

When one has said that, however, one has not conceded the case for guaranteed prices, nor yet for deficiency payments, or tariffs, or any other form of support for specific lines of production. If one's aim is to encourage the rational use of land, to enlist the farmer's desire for profit as a means of directing production to what the public wants, then the case against them is overwhelming. Something else is needed. What should that something be? Obviously that is a highly technical question, about which no outsider should dogmatise. But the principle should be, surely, that of aid and subsidy to the countryside as such and to good farming practice as such. The funds which are now devoted to honouring price guarantees should go instead to subsidise rural housing and water-supplies and electricity and schools. They should go into agricultural research, into fertilisers, into pest eradication; they should provide grass driers, canning factories, quick-freezing establishments, to lessen the farmer's dependence on the whims of the weather and on the date of ripening of his produce. They should finance special credit institutions, making it less imperative for the farmer to realise cash for his output at any particular moment. The general effect should be on the one hand a lowering of the farmer's costs *whatever* his particular production—this corresponds to the long-run collective judgment about the true balance of agriculture and industry; and on the other hand a diminution of his special risks, the risks of the sailing ship on the crowded trade route.

Perhaps all this is politically impossible. Perhaps those administrative and technical difficulties which it is so easy for the outsider to overlook make an economically rational policy unattainable. But I believe that the background which I have outlined is in true perspective; and that that perspective must dictate the general shape of policy if we are to have a healthy agriculture in a healthy economy.—*Third Programme*

Sumiyoshi

Last night the lightning whipped the pines, and now the sky bears
direful signs:

The worst typhoon of all is near.

Well yes, you say, a little early for typhoon,
But soon or late, it is the fate awaited every year.

While at my back a gross cicada tunes its brassy gear,
A bomb about to burst within my ear.

Next week the earth may quake, and shake away the weekend's floods.
I understand why plopping frog in glassy lake is plot enough for verse,
And why your songs are tight and brief,
And why a mechanised and ordered death affords relief.

D. J. ENRIGHT

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Genius Loci

THE eastern Midlands, flat and sad, made Bunyan and Cromwell as surely as the Cumberland hills made Wordsworth, or the Cockney lanes Charles Lamb'. Mr. Furneaux Jordan offered this daring observation at the beginning of a broadcast talk which we publish elsewhere this week. What the philosophical analysts would have to say about his use of the verb 'make' in this sentence one shudders to think. Is the suggestion that if Cromwell had been born in Staffordshire or Sussex, the history of England would have been substantially different? However, leaving that on one side, we may more safely feel that the influence of 'genius loci' is more applicable to men of letters than men of action. The Oxford or Cambridge graduate, who is fortunate enough to obtain a Fellowship in his extreme youth, is likely to absorb and reflect the atmosphere of his university for the rest of his life rather than that of the greater world. And so it happened that when during the recent war such Fellows found themselves in Whitehall or even in a wider field, they were surprised by the contrast in atmosphere; yet when the guns ceased and the last appropriate files were pigeon-holed, most of them were eager to hasten back to their studies; the universities called them back, save for a handful who had tasted power in the metropolis and found they preferred administrative conference to teaching adolescents. Readers of Trollope too will be aware of the pull of the cathedral cloister which continues to exert its appeal right into our own times. And no doubt Harley Street and Lombard Street, Petticoat Lane and Savile Row all have their own form of professional attraction. Indeed it is even said that enlightened employers anxious to shift workers out of tedious jobs find that, rather than being delighted, they are made miserable and yearn to go back to their accustomed, if monotonous, tasks.

But for most sensitive persons, one imagines it is not so much the professional milieu but the surroundings in a place where they have been happiest, either in youth or in younger days, that counts for most. It is a striking fact that although James Joyce lived the bulk of his life in Paris, his novels were concerned with the Dublin of his youth. And while D. H. Lawrence wandered over the face of the earth to exorcise his daemon or find his Ranim, his best works of fiction concerned the Nottingham coalfield where he had been brought up. Arnold Bennett, a figure in all the smartest London resorts, never wrote better than he had done about the Five Towns—and indeed he once had to make a special journey there to try to recapture the glow of his youthful inspiration.

The *genius loci* of the artist need not necessarily be his own country. Sickert, as soon as the first world war ended, went back to Dieppe where he had done some of his finest paintings and lived in happiness with his first wife. Other artists or writers have found themselves unable to be happy except near the shores of the Mediterranean—in the south of France or in Italy. But it is not given to most of us to live and work exactly where we want to. Nor does the country cottage, so much sought after by many professional and business men, necessarily reflect anything more than an urge to remove themselves and their children from the dirt and dangers of the great cities. Many a commuter wears a rose in his buttonhole, but remains a shameless townee at heart. If we are cloister-minded, we can build our own cloisters; and if we are truly rural, our office desk will always be simply a place of exile from the countryside.

What They Are Saying

Communists and strikes

LAST WEEK MOSCOW radio gave extensive publicity to the Congress in Vienna of the World Federation of Trade Unions, and emphasised that one of its main characteristics was that it was taking place in 'conditions of an intensified strike movement in the capitalist and colonial countries'. Much emphasis was also laid upon the speeches made by delegates from the colonial and dependent countries, which reflected the 'unparalleled upsurge of the national liberation struggle' in these countries. Particular attention was paid to the coastal areas of the Ivory Coast, Kuwait, Senegal, Kenya, Jamaica, and British Guiana, where, said Moscow radio, the struggle was 'beginning to assume an ever more militant character' and more and more of the population 'realise the vital necessity to fight against the intolerable imperialist oppression'. The broadcast continued:

The peoples of the colonies will never resign themselves to the fate of slaves. They are rising for a great liberation struggle.

If, in the past, strikes were mainly in European countries, today the 'strike struggle' had spread to Brazil, Chile, India, Iraq, and Tunisia:

Not long ago large-scale strikes were organised in Dakar and Liberia. A stubborn strike campaign is now in progress in British Guiana and in many other colonial and dependent countries. . . . The Congress has also shown that the struggle of the workers in the capitalist countries and of the peoples in the colonies presents a united front.

One of the broadcast speeches made at the W.F.T.U. Congress was by Mr. Blackman, Secretary of the British Guiana T.U.C., who said:

Dear brothers, we who have lived in slavery look with pride and admiration at the achievements of the Soviet Union, People's China and the People's Democracies. . . . Steel us to go forward with greater courage and steadfastness! We long for the day when we shall clasp the hands of our brothers in these truly great nations. Long live peace and the struggle for national independence for colonial peoples!

From the 'impassioned' speeches by delegates from the colonial countries, said a Moscow broadcast, 'the Congress is learning that wherever the colonialists and the missionaries are sparing no effort to drag down the workers to the level of slaves, the workers' movement is daily growing in extent, strength, and solidarity'. It continued:

Under the leadership of the powerful W.F.T.U., the workers of the colonial and semi-colonial countries are making wide use of the many years' experience of class warfare of their European brothers. They carefully prepare and think out their plans for strikes and know how to be steadfast. They have discovered the great strength inherent in the solidarity of the workers and are making the utmost use of it in their struggle. That is why the strike struggle which flares up in one part of the globe is often followed by a similar outbreak in another part.

Another Soviet transmission reported that the W.F.T.U. had adopted a resolution expressing solidarity with the workers of British Guiana and dispatched an appeal calling on the United Nations to condemn the 'acts of violence' of the 'British colonisers'. It also called on workers and trade union organisations throughout the world to express their solidarity with 'the oppressed people of British Guiana'.

On October 25, a Yugoslav transmission broadcast a reply by the Yugoslav Foreign Office to the Italian proposal, made public the previous day, that the two countries should reduce their forces on the frontiers of the Trieste territory. The Yugoslav reply described the Italian proposal as hypocritical and tendentious and designed to mislead world opinion. It added that last August, without any provocation from Yugoslavia, Italy began military demonstrations on the Trieste frontier, while Yugoslavia took no such steps until after the Anglo-American declaration on October 8. In a speech also broadcast on October 25, Vice-President Rankovich maintained that the moving into Zone A of Italian civil officials, under the protection of British and American troops, would be the same kind of violation of the peace treaty as the moving in of Italian troops. Any future talks about Trieste could only be constructive if there was a change in the content and character of the Anglo-American decision. Two days previously President Tito stated that if Zone A was handed over to Italian administration, Yugoslav troops would enter the zone, whether or not Italian troops moved in. If the Anglo-American decision were implemented, indignation in Yugoslavia would be such that co-operation with the Western Powers would be made impossible, and Yugoslavia would have to reconsider her past policy.

Did You Hear That?

THE MANAGER IN INDUSTRY

"HEALTHY SELF-CRITICISM and an abiding willingness to learn seem to me to be the most important requirements of any manager". So said the Duke of Edinburgh recently when making a speech at the Annual Luncheon of the National Union of Manufacturers. I believe that in those wise words', said F. C. HOOPER in a talk in the Home Service, 'the Duke actually put his finger on the real difference between American industry and our own. We are by nature a conservative, that is a traditional, people. We believe in our past and are proud of it. But that makes us tend to look to the future too much in terms of the past. Some years ago Mr. de Valera said that the most important thing about the times we live in is "The rate of change of the rate of change", and nowhere is this more true than in industry.

'The Americans are quite different. They like change, and they are happiest when they are scrapping something that has served them perhaps for only a short time, in favour of something new and something different. Mark you, I think they sometimes go too far and too fast, looking on the new as if it is necessarily better because it is new. But it is a good tendency—it is a lively, dynamic tendency—and we could certainly do with a shot of it now and again ourselves.

'But to go back to the speech. All the managers who were lucky enough to hear it, or read about it, must have been pleased that the Duke gave pride of place in our industrial struggle to the manager. He said: "We must exploit the wit of the specialist and expert in production. We must exploit the wit of the designer. Finally, and most important, we must exploit the wit of the manager, because he is the great brainpicker, and should be on the lookout for new methods and new ideas".

'In saying that, he put the responsibility for our recovery flat on to the shoulders of management, and in-praising us (for I am a manager) for what we have done, he warned us how far we still had to go. His constant use of the word "wits" was specially revealing: as he said, our worst enemies could hardly call us a nation of nitwits. And by that I think he meant that it is in this special combination of common sense and vision that our traditional quality lies.

'But there is one snag about this. It has become part of the pattern of our industrial life that hard work for long hours is what we all owe to the nation, and the really worth-while man is the worker or manager who just goes on till he drops. There was a time for that in the early nineteen-forties, but then we were fighting for our lives. It can be said, of course, that now we have saved our lives we are fighting for our existence. But you cannot expect managers to be, as the Duke said, on the lookout for new methods and new ideas, and still more, to use and exploit them when they have found them, if they are in a state of almost constant mental exhaustion. As Sir Winston Churchill said at the beginning of his book on painting, when you are physically tired you must have rest, but when you are mentally tired you need change. So my advice to management, and particularly to top-level management, is to break through this convention that long hours mean good work, and that taking work home in your bag in the evening or at week-ends shows how hard-working, and therefore how estimable, you are'.

'HOUSEKEEPER OF THE HOUSE'

'When the Speaker's procession passes into the chamber of the House of Commons, walking before it is an elderly official in court dress—that is, a suit of black silk, with knee-breeches, tail-coat, buckled shoes, and a lace stock instead of a tie', said B. C. L. KEELAN in a talk in

the B.B.C.'s Eastern Service. 'At his hip he wears a slender sword with a silver hilt; and over his shoulder he carries the silver-gilt Mace, the long, club-shaped symbol of the Queen's authority. This is the Sergeant-at-Arms, whose duty is to attend upon the Sovereign when the House is not sitting, and upon the Speaker when it is. He is personally appointed by the Sovereign for life and can only be removed from office by an Address from the Commons to the Queen. The appointment is usually given to distinguished members of the armed forces, and the present holder, Sir Charles Howard, was a soldier. Although it is a royal appointment, the Sergeant-at-Arms is in fact exclusively the servant of the House of Commons. Besides attending upon the Speaker and carrying the Mace before him, he is also in charge of a large department which looks after the smooth running of the House of Commons and its day-to-day arrangements.



Sir Charles Howard, Sergeant-at-Arms, House of Commons, since 1935

'In the law covering his appointment and duties, he is called "the Housekeeper of the House", and that is just what he is. He runs its domestic affairs. He has, for instance, charge of all the hundreds of rooms used by the Commons; he supervises the work of the messengers, doorkeepers, and porters, and he directs the police on the premises. To help him he has a deputy and an assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, who wear the same uniform and carry swords.

'The sword is a sign that the Sergeant-at-Arms has the duty of enforcing the discipline of the House. Nobody else may bring weapons into the Chamber. In the past this was an important rule, when everybody was accustomed to carrying swords in the streets—and accustomed to using them when provoked. I was interested to see an army officer coming into one of the galleries the other day. He had evidently been on some ceremonial parade and he was wearing his sword. I wondered if the old rule would be enforced. Sure enough, a minute later, a messenger went over to him and whispered in his ear. The officer left the Chamber—and returned without his sword. To this day, the Members' cloakroom is provided with red tape which was once used for hanging up their swords.

'For similar reasons, parcels and attache cases are not allowed to be brought into the Chamber. Some ill-disposed person might want to toss a bomb into the middle of the debate. It is the duty of the Sergeant-at-Arms to prevent such inappropriate expressions of political opinion. It is also his duty to prevent anybody who is not a Member from coming into the Chamber; and to enable him to keep an eye on the whole Chamber, he has a seat at the end opposite to the Speaker's chair, just beside what is called the bar of the House, which is a metal barrier that can be drawn across the end of the Chamber on special occasions—such as when some offender against the laws of the House is summoned before Parliament. On these rare occasions, the bar is drawn across and the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the Mace, stands beside the offender. The Sergeant has a specially dignified seat with a high carved back. This, by the way, was given to the House by Ceylon.

'I remember when the new Chamber was officially opened, there was a little ceremony and the House then adjourned until the afternoon. As a journalist I was keen to inspect the new furnishings, and was glad when a Member asked me to look round. As I was examining the Speaker's chair I felt a tap on the shoulder and there was the Sergeant-at-Arms. He told me politely that as the House was in session, although adjourned, I had no right to be there. I felt about two inches high, and scuttled away as quickly as possible.

'The Sergeant-at-Arms is also responsible for the good behaviour of the Members. If, in the heat of debate, a Member says or does

something that is out of order, the Speaker can suspend him and order him to leave the Chamber. If he refuses to go, the Sergeant-at-Arms is summoned; and armed with the Mace and his sword, and all the panoply of supreme authority, he goes up to the Member to lead him out. Few would dare to resist such an imperious command'.

A RARE WILD FLOWER

A few months ago botanists in this country were delighted with the news that specimens of one of our rarest wild flowers, the spurred coral-root orchid, has been found in southern England for the first time for twenty years. Another 'colony' was found in Oxfordshire soon afterwards, but only a few people know exactly where they are. P. L. RITZEMA, who has been making enquiries about this closely guarded secret, said in 'Radio Newsreel': 'What I wanted to know was: what was being done to preserve these delicate living things? Had the experts, the botanists, done anything to increase the numbers of them so that we might all see what was until now so treasured a secret?'

'The spurred coral-root orchid is not only rare and, as these few botanists declare, delightful, but also exceedingly odd in its ways. The flower is about the size of a large English spider; it has yellowish petals, and a pink lip. If you could find it, it would be only a few inches above the ground at the end of a stem without leaves. It lives in woods and is a saprophyte, that is to say, it lives on decayed organic material. For years and years it lives underground, looking like a small lump of off-white coral. Then—it is thought after about ten years—it begins very, very slowly to send up its flower spike.'

'Mr. Summerhayes, a scientist of the Herbarium at Kew Gardens, who wrote a book about wild orchids in Britain, has told me that this year one colony of spurred coral-root consisted of the prodigal total of thirteen—the biggest number ever found—and five of them carried more than one flower. Mr. Smallcombe, the Director of Reading Museum, showed me colour photographs of those he had seen in Oxfordshire. Neither would divulge the exact situation of their "colonies", even though the flowering season is now over. "I have had letters from all over the place", said Mr. Smallcombe, "offering me every kind of inducement to tell, but I have refused". Both men told me of the sharp watch that is being kept on these secret corners of separate English woods to see that no harm comes to the orchid, either through ignorance, malice, or greed. Mr. Summerhayes told me that there is a hope that this year efforts to secure some seed from the flower may have been successful. They may even now be growing. But, he said darkly, it is very difficult, the conditions have to be just right, it takes a long time. But somewhere under fairly heavy shade, in a hilly wood in "the south of England", keen men are watching'.

BOOM TOWN

In the year 1898 the Klondike Gold Rush was in full swing—that fantastic adventure that gave rise to so many verses and ballads, and is recalled in the writings of such men as Jack London. Thousands of shabby, hopeful prospectors struggled and fought their way through the hardships of the Yukon trail, and most of the survivors found their way, sooner or later, to what was then a flourishing boom town—Dawson City. By 1899 there were 40,000 people in Dawson. Today there are about 500. But soon, it seems, Dawson City may come to life again, for Canadian engineers are planning a new road through the Yukon territory. In 'The Eye-Witness', RAY WOODAGE gave a description of Dawson City as it is today.

'The famous Nugget Dance Hall and the Floradora are still standing', he said. 'It was here that Klondike Katie and Diamond-tooth Gertie danced the can-can night after night. It was here, too, that men drank champagne laced with gold dust from buckets. The Floradora

was owned by a Liverpool man—Harry Gleave. He arrived in the Klondike in 1898 with one dollar in his pocket and a shovel in his hand. He ended up a wealthy man, and when recently he sold the Floradora, the new proprietor said: "There's probably more gold dust under the floor boards than I paid for the Floradora itself".

'Shortly before I arrived at Dawson, half-a-dozen demolition men engaged in pulling down a dilapidated log cabin found 6,000 dollars' worth (£2,000 sterling) of gold dust in the cracks between the floor boards. It is still an important gold-producing centre. Prospectors use it to strike out into the surrounding country. And there are seven or eight large gold dredges there. Year after year they go over the same ground—the very ground from which literally sacks of gold dust were taken during the rush. They work on the principle that if you sift enough gravel to pay your expenses and leave something over you make a profit. Within a stone's throw of one of these modern dredges I found an old-timer scratching away at the earth with a pick and shovel just as he did when he arrived there fifty-five years ago, from Camden Town.

'You see a few modern cars in Dawson; you also see a Stottard Norton, 1911 vintage. And a spidery-looking vehicle made in 1917. As for the Dawson City fire engines, there is one quite modern one—1923—and there is also one of those big brass hand-pumps—the latest thing about fifty years ago.

'There are a score or more of old-timers left. They came in over the trail of '98 and have not been outside since. By 'outside' they mean away from the Klondike. They still talk of 'striking it rich'. One old man said: "Mister, it's this summer for me. I've worked out just where the gold is". But the country round there has proved enough for many a strong young man, and old Charlie was eighty-seven, and he seemed to have difficulty in getting up the steps to the Government offices for his free issue of winter combinations'.



The spurred coral-root orchid in full bloom

By courtesy of the Reading Museum

'DOING' ST. PAUL'S

'As I entered the cathedral', said SIDNEY MOORHOUSE in a talk in the Home Service, 'there were, gathered round a plaque to the "men and women of St. Paul's watch", a guide and a bus load of American sailors, complete with their own policemen—two of them, to be exact. One was tiny, not much more than five feet in height, with a truncheon almost as big as himself. It was out of the question for him to use brute force, so he silently appealed to his charges with a wonderful smile to be good little sailor boys and listen to the nice kind gentleman.

The other policeman, by way of contrast, was huge, and eyed the matelots with a look which said: "And there sure ain't going to be no trouble in this joint, brother".

'There were all sorts of people besides the sailors inside. Provincials, up for the day, wandering about in an aimless sort of fashion; the regular churchgoers sitting quietly in their chairs, and servicemen of all nationalities, busy clicking their cameras. I particularly noticed a West African chief in his gorgeous native costume.

'I found one or two of the guides rather interesting. The Italian party and their leader were walking about gesticulating and talking at the top of their voices without appearing to be the least embarrassed. Perhaps they do it that way in Rome. But I noticed that the women without exception were careful to cover their heads with their scarves. Then there was the English guide with his party of Americans. I had better call them his squad, because he was a military-looking man who had drawn them up with great precision before him under the great dome of the cathedral. They were seated, both men and women, in four close ranks, an equal number in each rank, as though on parade, and he was giving them precise details of where the various bombs had fallen in the cathedral and what action had been taken to deal with them. At the end of his address he raised both his hands in an upward movement and the whole squad rose as one man'.

Latin America and its Peoples until 1800

ROBIN HUMPHREYS gives the third of eight talks on Latin America

THE first American was an immigrant. He probably came to the New World from Asia by way of the Bering Strait more than 10,000 years ago. What routes these early migrants followed as they journeyed south we do not know and can only guess. But at least 8,000 years ago man seems to have penetrated to the southernmost parts of South America. The New World was already old when Columbus found it.

Columbus lived and died in the belief that he had reached the bounds of Asia and 'The Indies'. It was the Orient he sought, and America lay in the way. And because his belief was at first accepted, the peoples of these new-found lands received the name of Indians. Varied in cultures and in linguistic stocks, speaking hundreds of languages, and at differing stages on the road from savagery to civilisation, they ranged from the primitive tribe, which can still be found, to the highly advanced societies of the Andean ranges and of parts of Mexico and Central America, the empires of the Incas, the Aztecs, and the Mayas.

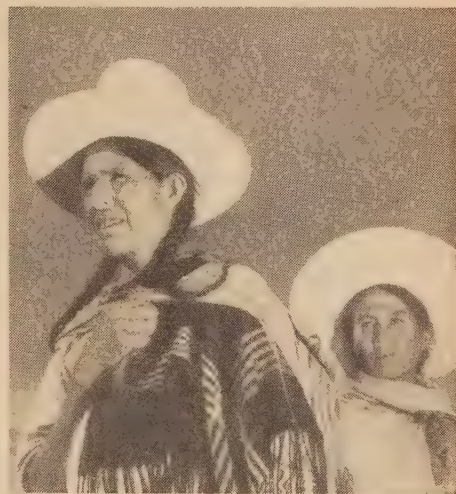
The glories of the Maya were already past, their empire had crumbled and decayed when Cortés conquered Mexico. But with what wonder did the Spaniards gaze on the great Aztec capital of Tenochtitlán, on the ruins of which Mexico City was soon to arise. 'When they observed fertile and cultivated fields, stretching farther than the eye could reach', says our own great historian of America, William Robertson, in his delightful eighteenth-century language, 'when they saw a lake resembling the sea in extent, encompassed with large towns, and discovered the capital city rising upon an island in the middle . . . the scene so far exceeded their imagination, that some believed the fanci-

ful descriptions of romance were realised, and that its enchanted palaces and gilded domes were presented to their sight; others could hardly persuade themselves that this wonderful spectacle was anything more than a dream'.

And since, to quote Robertson again, 'that state of primeval simplicity, which was known in our continent only, by the fanciful description of poets, really existed in the other', with what curiosity did the European Spaniard enquire into the origin and nature of the American Indians. Were they rational beings? Could they be taught to live like Christian labourers of Castile? Or were they merely *bruta animalia*? The legend of the 'noble savage', which became so popular in the eighteenth century, was born in the sixteenth century. And so also was the legend of the 'ignoble savage'. As for the problem of whence the Indians came, few questions have provoked more curious speculations. Were they, perhaps, the descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel? Lord Kingsborough, in the nineteenth century, produced his sumptuous *Antiquities of Mexico* to prove this view. Could they be Welsh? Had not Prince Madoc discovered these lands three centuries before the Spaniards? Or should one suppose that the ark had grounded on a mountain in Brazil before it finally came to rest on the summit of Mount Ararat?

Here, then, was the American man, the ancestor of those Indian peoples who form so large a proportion today of the populations of Bolivia, Peru, Guatemala, Mexico, and some other of the states of Spanish America. But the Indian was no match for the white man with horse and gun and armour. Nor could any hazard daunt the courage of the Spaniard. 'I cannot forbear', says Raleigh, 'to commend the patient virtue of the Spaniards. We seldom or never find that any nation hath endured so many misadventures and miseries as the Spaniards have done in their Indian discoveries; yet persisting in their enterprises with invincible constancy, they have annexed to their kingdom so many goodly provinces as bury the remembrance of all dangers past. Tempests and shipwrecks, famine, overthrows, mutinies, heat and cold, pestilence and all manner of diseases both old and new, together with extreme poverty and want of all things needful, have been the enemies wherewith every one of their most noble discoverers at one time or another hath encountered'.

The Spaniard, in the great age of discovery and conquest, roamed the continent from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to the waters of the River Plate—the River of Silver—and the south of South America. And he not only explored; he colonised. The first permanent English settlement in North America dates from 1607. But long before then, most of what are today the chief cities of Spanish America dotted the map like Roman *coloniae* in Britain, outposts of empire, centres of civilisation in the wilderness. Spain was the forerunner in the colonisation of the Americas. And she built to last. She devised an administrative system which survived, almost unchanged, for nearly 300 years. She transplanted her agriculture—her fruits, her cereals, her domestic animals. She transplanted her architecture, her arts and her crafts.



Indian women of Cochabamba, Bolivia



Potosí, Peru, where the Spaniards built their biggest silver mint, Casa de Moneda (in the foreground)

And to Spanish America she gave also her language, her religion and her law. The first bishopric to be established on the mainland was at Darien in 1513. The first extant book to be printed in the New World was printed at Mexico City in 1543. And the royal and pontifical universities of Mexico and Lima both date from 1551. Well might it be said that 'what Rome did for Spain, Spain in turn did for Spanish America'.

But Spanish America was Indian before it was Spanish. And Indian it in part remained. For in the Spanish colonies, though not in the English colonies, European civilisation was engrafted on to Indian stock. The conquest, it is true, took a terrible toll of human life not only by the sword, but by famine, barbarity and disease. Nor was it merely in the West Indian islands—the most notorious example—that there was a rapid decline in the numbers of the aboriginal population. But, generally speaking, it was not in Catholic and Spanish America, but in Protestant and what it is convenient to term Anglo-Saxon America, that the Indian was to suffer the same fate as the bison. The Spaniard had come to the New World not as pioneer farmer, not to settle and clear new lands. He came as a conqueror and as an adventurer, as a soldier and as an administrator. The Indian supplied the labour force for work in the mines, the plantations and the fields. He remained at the very basis of the colonial economic system. Without the Indian there would have been no Indies. And where the native populations were densest, there the seats of Spanish power were strongest.

Exploitation by the Spaniard

Naturally, the Indian was exploited, ill-treated, and oppressed. But that was not the whole story. For if the Spaniard exploited the Indian, he also tried to save his soul. A native people has never had a more passionate defender than the great Las Casas. History records no more devoted lives than those of some of the early missionaries. 'We came here to serve God, and also to get rich', wrote that stout old soldier, Bernal Díaz. There was the paradox in the mind of the sixteenth-century Spaniard, for the Spaniard, as Prescott says, was always a crusader. The New World was conquered in the name of the Cross of Christ, as well as in a search for gold. For the Catholic monarchs themselves, Spain's imperial mission was little short of a sacred obligation. And no government has sought with more anxious care than did the Crown of Castile to secure the welfare of a conquered race.

The Indian and the Spaniard, the Spanish heritage and the Indian heritage—Spanish America was fashioned from both. Deeply as Spanish civilisation was imprinted on the New World in outward forms and inward life, the way of the Indian remained. From the first, moreover, the races were fused. The blood of the conquerors mingled with the blood of the conquered. The mestizo, neither Indian nor Spaniard, was the new American man. And, despised as he was, perhaps the future belonged to him. It was the mixture of Spanish and Araucanian blood which produced the Chilean. The blending of Guarani and Spaniard produced the Paraguayan. And today, Mexico, most of the countries of Central America, and most of the Andean and tropical countries of northern South America also, are primarily mestizo countries.

There was, however, a third major strain in the racial composition of colonial Latin America. That strain was the African. A few Negroes, born in Christian lands, were brought to the West Indies at the very beginning of the sixteenth century. And the African slave trade soon followed. The Crown was never prepared to contemplate the general enslavement of the Indians. Indeed, with minor exceptions, Indian slavery was specifically prohibited. But the Negro was a different matter. Even Las Casas, in his earlier days, advocated the importation of Negro labour in order to spare the Indian, though he later repented of his action. And the slave, first brought to the New World to serve the needs of the sugar-planters in the West Indian islands, was soon introduced to the mainland also. The traffic thus begun was to continue for three and a half centuries. All European nations which fronted the Atlantic shores in turn engaged in it. It survived in Brazil till 1850, while slavery itself lingered on in the New World, in Cuba till 1880 and in Brazil till 1888. How many Negroes were transported from Africa to America will never be known. In the Spanish colonies the demand was always greatest in the West Indian islands themselves, in the hot coastal regions of the Caribbean, and on the Pacific shores of northern South America. And if, today, the coloured race is dominant everywhere in the West Indies, except in Cuba, the Dominican Republic and Puerto Rico, in these countries, too, it has left its mark.

In the southern continent, however, it was not to Spanish America but to Portuguese America that the Negro made his most decisive con-

tribution. Portugal was the first European nation to adventure in the slave trade. She was, also, the first rival of Spain in the Americas. Defending her settlements against the attacks of the French and the Dutch, and extending their boundaries far into the interior, at the last she came to occupy the half of South America. And of the Portuguese colony of Brazil, Africa was the 'black mother'.

For Portuguese America was very different from Spanish America. Here were no mines of gold and silver. Or, at least, they long remained unknown. Here, also, the Indians were in a far more primitive state than those whom the Spaniards found in Mexico and Peru. The wealth of Brazil lay in the products of its soil, first in the dye-wood which gave the colony its name, and then, above all, in sugar. In the south the famous Paulistas, themselves a mixture of Portuguese and Indian blood, performed astounding feats of exploration in search of gold and Indians to enslave. But the colonisation of Brazil was essentially coastal and agricultural. It was rural rather than urban. And it was in the north-east, in Bahia and Pernambuco, rather than in the south-east, in Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, that the greatest wealth was to be found. Here were the great plantations, and here, though elsewhere also, came the Negro slaves. 'Without Negroes', said the great Portuguese Jesuit, Father Antonio Vieira, 'there is no Pernambuco'; and of Brazil he remarked also that while her body lay in America, her soul was in Africa. The African from the Congo, from Angola and from Guinea, the native American Indian, the Portuguese colonist, all played their part in the formation of the Brazilian people; and—for Brazil is the great melting-pot of Latin America—in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, other elements were to be added still.

The Spanish and Portuguese empires on the mainland of America survived from the first quarter of the sixteenth century to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. In Brazil, in the late seventeenth century, gold was at last found in the region which was henceforth to be known as Minas Gerais—'general mines'; and the removal of the colonial capital from Bahia to Rio de Janeiro in 1763 was a sign of the times, of a shift in the balance of economic power, and of the rising importance of the more southerly provinces. As for the empire of Spain, it continued to expand. Three years before the Boston Tea Party the Spaniards founded Monterey in California, and they founded San Francisco in the very year, 1776, when England's colonies declared their independence.

And the empire, in the closing years of the colonial period, was probably more prosperous than at any time in its history. The eighteenth century was an era of reform. And the reforms of Charles III of Spain, and still more, perhaps, the increasing demands of world trade, stimulated the productive forces of Spanish America. Agriculture was now the chief source of wealth. But the mining industry flourished. Revenues were increasing. The great colonial capitals of Mexico City and Lima showed all the external signs of opulence. The region of the River Plate, once among the most neglected parts of Spain's immense dominions, had awakened to a new life. New ideas were abroad, imported from France, Britain, and the new United States. And in the various administrative areas of the Spanish empire there were evident also those regional differentiations, regional loyalties, and regional nationalisms, which were the signs of new nations yet to be.

An Empty Land

But Latin America was still an empty land. And it was a land divided, divided by geography and divided by race. Apart from the wild Indian tribes of the interior, the population of Brazil was less than 4,000,000, half slave, half free, but already embracing an infinite gradation of race and colour. And in Brazil civilisation was barely more than a coastal fringe. As for the mainland provinces of Spain, stretching in unbroken line from California to Cape Horn, their whole population was smaller than that of England, Wales, and Scotland at the time of the first Reform Bill. Its distribution was uneven and its racial composition differed greatly from area to area. But the Indians still comprised the largest element. The mestizos and mixed races came next, and, after them, the whites, divided into a small minority of peninsular Spaniards and a larger group of creoles—Spaniards, that is, born in America. And on the hostility between Spaniard and creole the revolutionary movements in Spanish America in the first quarter of the nineteenth century were to turn.—*Third Programme*

Publications of the Council of Europe are now distributed by the Stationery Office. The *Procedure of the Consultative Assembly* has been published at 3s.

The Geological Record in Evolution

By W. E. SWINTON

EVOLUTION has been defined as a becoming: it implies a becoming something different. No one has seriously suggested that this transformation can be witnessed by the eye of man—one kind of animal becoming another—though, of course, ordinary observation shows us that one stage of an insect's development, for example, can produce a very different looking creature. The observed facts of growth and of embryology as they exist now have been interpreted as lending weight to the history of an animal's ancestry, the so-called theory of recapitulation, but the full historical significance of this is now denied.

Classification of Linnaeus

None the less, the relationships of living animals are fairly obvious, with a few corrections for the misleading similarities due to parallelism, e.g., the superficial similarity between a fish and a dolphin. From these some of the evolutionary paths might be inferred. In 1758 the tenth edition of a great work on animal classification, the *Systema Naturae*, was published. In it Carl von Linné, or Linnaeus, set out the first scientific classification of animals and introduced the binominal nomenclature that has since become generally employed. In his survey he did not include man but he grouped animals in a descending order from mammals and birds, through amphibians (for he did not recognise reptiles) to fishes and invertebrates. His main class of the last were the Vermes, or worms, which to him comprised a large number of things we now place elsewhere. The lowest, or simplest, creature he included was a small unicellular organism, *Volvox*.

The interest of this two-centuries-old classification is that it is still largely correct; and that it was based on observations made in the living world. Zoological studies of this kind are difficult to make for several reasons. The distribution of animals is wide, and collecting methods, especially those of 200 years ago, gave a picture that was not especially representative. Furthermore, if relationships are to be observed critically and accurately, an intensive study must be made, and for much of this the life of one man or even a few men is too short. Yet, in a great deal of its basic detail, the classification of Linnaeus has stood the test of time.

A hundred years later, in 1859, Charles Darwin published *The Origin of Species*, in which he suggested that species have arisen through natural selection. It must be emphasised that Darwin did not discover evolution or invent the name. His wide travels and careful studies of animals and plants had led him to believe that the existing fauna must have been derived inevitably from that of previous times and that the method of this modified descent was natural selection. This theory of Darwin's has been much misunderstood and now is scientifically superseded, but the remnants of old controversy linger on. Natural selection has been interpreted as the survival of the fittest—in large part, of course, it is so. The logical conception that those particular forms of life best suited for their environment tend to survive at the expense of those less happily situated is one that we can see at work every day, but the process is far more complex than this.

Survival must mean that the survivor bears offspring, but it does not mean that the young will grow up markedly different from their parents. It is here that one of the evolutionary difficulties is revealed. Offspring tend to become like their parents in size, colour and habits, i.e., more or less. One blackbird is much like another. Even the rich variety of characters in men and women produce on the whole remarkably little general disconformity. Children grow up like their parents or grandparents. Even if parents have suffered severely from privation in war or disfigurement in accident their offspring are normal at birth. How, then, it is often asked, do the modifications arise that make for speciation? The answer lies in the genetics of the species, and even today, although the work of geneticists has been brilliant and intense, there is much that is still mysterious.

Darwin himself worked before genetics was a science and so could not appreciate the minutiae, but he made up for this by seeing the mass of material. He rightly pointed out that what could not be seen in the

living animals of today might be deduced by comparison with the more ample material available in the fossil record.

At the time of the publication of *The Origin of Species*, in 1859, fossils were well known; a substantial part of the geological record had been unravelled by William Smith; the classic works of Hugh Miller had been widely read, Richard Owen had by that time published his *Palaeontology*, and Cuvier had laid down his pen after a magnificent series of palaeontological descriptions; yet they one and all believed in fixity of species.

We see now that the length of the fossil record was not fully appreciated; its background of time was either wilfully or ignorantly underestimated. Darwin was remarkably prescient in that he realised both the significance of the record and its imperfection; he realised that the ascending order of the once-living forms, now preserved as fossils, in the rocks was essentially that of the classification of living things independently arrived at by the zoologists, and he conjectured that the advancing stream of life had required far more time than either the philosophers or the physicists of his day were prepared to grant. In this respect it is worth recollecting that Darwin wrote: 'in all probability a far longer period than 300,000,000 years has elapsed since the latter part of the *Secondary Period*'. This figure was so revolutionary, so disturbing and so much apparently an over-estimate that it does not occur again in the later editions of *The Origin of Species*. His friends persuaded him to take it out. Yet the past few years have shown by radio-active means that there are fossil-bearing rocks more than 300,000,000 years old, though they are in the Primary Era.

The advances in the study of the geological record in the last century have been remarkable. Thousands of species are now recognised and millions of specimens are known: though both are a small percentage of the 500,000,000 species that are considered to have existed since the beginning of life. So evolution implies not only an appearing on the stage of life, but a disappearance therefrom as well.

These facts lead to two main considerations: how perfect a line can be obtained through this fossil record; and what can be interpreted as directions of evolution? The record begins in obscurity because the early rocks are crushed and tumbled, worn and fractured, so that any evidence would be almost incomprehensible. Furthermore, many of the animals then living were presumably without protective shells or internal skeletons, without hard parts suitable for preservation. Despite this, a few nodules of graphite or phosphate and occasional impressions of animals have been found, showing that life was diverse and complex by the time that it can first be seen.

None the less, in general, fossils are the hard parts of the animals, the shells and skeletons. By the study of comparative anatomy it is possible to add greatly to the story that these tell, but this is by analogy; and if the anatomical picture be satisfying it may be assumed that the physiological standards were closely related to that anatomical level. This is a satisfactory hypothesis generally, but in certain critical stages, as we shall see, it begs important questions. So it follows that the direction of evolution, in vertebrates, for example, is based on the evidences of the hard parts and the inferences made on them, together with the relevant information from still existing forms.

Gap between Invertebrates and Vertebrates

To take an example of this kind. In Darwin's time, and later, one of the evolutionary gaps—an apparently insoluble one—was that between the invertebrates and the vertebrates. In the fossil record it still exists; no link as yet connects the two. But it is clear that the embryonic stages of certain living Echinoderms (sea urchins) are closely similar to that of some of the most primitive Chordates. This in itself is suggestive; but it is more than suggestive when the biochemist shows that this particular invertebrate group is the only one known that has a phosphagen compound known otherwise only in vertebrates, and that this chordate has a phosphagen only known otherwise in the invertebrates. No link exists, but aided by biochemistry the gap can surely be bridged in imagination, but by something more than an imagined link.

In contrast to this, the fishes and the amphibians on the other hand are now largely connected in the fossil series itself. Discoveries in recent years have shown that relations of the Coelacanth, other Crossopterygian, or fringe-finned, fishes, almost grade into kinds of primitive amphibia. Sufficient specimens have been examined to reveal the rearrangement of skull bones, the relative lengthening of the face, the freeing of the back of the head from a box-like bony connection with the shoulders, and the rearrangement of limb structure, that connote the passage from a swimming fish to a sprawling and air-breathing amphibian. Many other features could obviously be postulated if one considers the mechanics of the forms and their physiological demands: the loss of buoyancy of the water with the need for stronger limb supports and the development of legs from fins, the need for a hearing apparatus for use in air rather than water. Several stages, but not the whole story, of the transformation have been recovered. It would indeed be remarkable if all the stages of the great change were preserved when one thinks of the hazards of preservation after nearly 300,000,000 years.

With the amphibian-reptile transition the position is even more interesting, for at least one fossil animal is known whose skeleton contains so balanced a mixture of characters that it is difficult to classify it as either reptile or amphibian. But it cannot be the link between the two; it is several million years too young to be the ancestor of groups already distinct when it lived. Surely, however, its characters suggest that it has descended from an ancestor common to both amphibians and reptiles. It bears witness to a stepping-stone between the two and thus is evidence of the trend of related forms. It is, however, not nearly as easy as this. To say that a skull or skeleton is a mixture of characters is perhaps to suggest that each of these characters is of equal importance, and this must be far from the truth. The physiological development that took place could hardly have kept pace precisely with the skeletal; the mixture of bony characters we now know was almost certainly in a body that functioned on one side or other of the metabolic curtain—was either an amphibian or a reptile.

This is especially seen in the mammal-like reptiles, a vitally important group from which the mammals were undoubtedly derived more than 200,000,000 years ago. These have mammal-like dentition, palate, connection between head and spine, and limbs, but they retain the characteristically reptilian articulation of the jaws. It is characteristic because no known mammal has it; yet it is almost certain from the ribs that the breathing of some of these animals was mammalian and that they were consequently warm-blooded, which no reptiles are today.

Anatomy and physiology are thus confirmatory and yet conflicting; and it is unlikely that a half-way stage is physiologically associated with that degree of morphological development. But we are not able to assess these things without certain criteria. There must be sufficient

comparative, closely related material; its systematic position must be clear. Its geological age must be satisfactorily determinable. There must be a sufficiency of osteological characters upon which the related physiological assumptions can be made. And these, wherever possible, should be capable of being counter-checked upon the same kinds of animals if similar ones are available today.

It is precisely this realisation that makes the assessment of man's evolution so difficult. The number of specimens of human remains in anything like satisfactory condition or with associated skull and skeletal parts is very small. The systematic position is therefore doubtful; and since the age of relevant remains is geologically recent, the dating is often a matter of much conjecture. Furthermore, anthropological studies of modern men show limits of variation wide enough to include some divergent groups of so-called fossil ancestors.

And psychologically the human picture is further confused by the natural desire of many students to be associated with the unravelling of human lineage, with the result that all anthropological geese tend to be swans. Paradoxically, it is in the field of human palaeontology that the scientist who decries the 'missing link' is most likely to try to describe him. In spite of all these difficulties the human line is being disentangled; man is seen as of a more ancient lineage than could ever have been postulated—or perhaps ever said—in Darwin's day.

If, therefore, the major groups of vertebrates seem to fall into connected relationships, what still stands unaccounted for? Most importantly, the birds: there is a complete and considerable gap between the group in which the postulated bird ancestor is and the first-found fossil birds in the late Jurassic. It is true that *Archaeopteryx*, that primitive bird, has sufficient reptilian features in its build to convince us of its parentage, but it could fly and had feathers. All the piety and wit of the chemist, anatomist, and geologist, have failed to show the rise of feathers from scales, or to explain the origin of flight in a non-Lamarckian way.

On the whole, the main evolutionary pathway is clear: certainly as clear as the remnants of our ancient British roads that satisfy our archaeologists and cartographers. Gaps do exist, gaps often that are due to the incompleteness of exploration and collection. They will undoubtedly be closed, never perhaps completely but sufficiently.

What of the lessons that one learns from the long story of vertebrate evolution? The wonder is not that a major evolution road exists but that it should be so remarkably confined to so progressive a line: that the steps from class to class should have been made, apparently, in one transitional direction and not in several random or parallel lines. Further, the groups that produced the so-called higher kind of offspring, each died out, became extinct, not long after the portentous birth. In spite of the gaps and imperfections in the record, the theory of evolution has surely taken its place in man's attempt to understand his nature and ancestry.—*Third Programme*

Rome and Oxford: a Study in Environment

By ROBERT FURNEAUX JORDAN

TWO cities, two men: that is my theme. Rome and Oxford, Manning and Newman: the story has been told many times—the story of those two lives, so curiously parallel and yet so opposed that the two men, like the two cities, may symbolise for us opposite poles. My theme is a kind of experiment, made in the belief that men are, more than they think, moulded by the world about them. The eastern Midlands, flat and sad, made Bunyan and Cromwell as surely as the Cumberland hills made Wordsworth, or the Cockney lanes Charles Lamb.

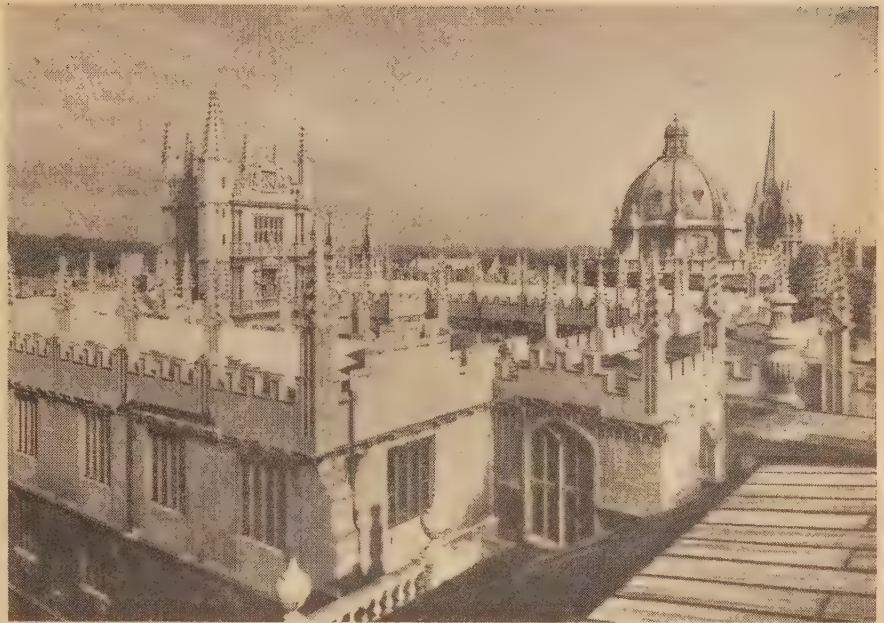
If this is correct, then not only does history make architecture—which is a truism—but architecture makes history. Manning and Newman, because their story is so familiar and because each was so linked with a particular city, are, as it were, convenient specimens for my experiment. Both, in a way, were part of an epic, yet both were almost unaware of an architecture that almost made them. Newman was concerned in the building of two or three churches; they were as commonplace as his own room. Manning, for all his expertise in worldly gestures, left to his successor the building of a great cathedral in

Westminster; he was not interested. And yet both men were under the bewitching spell of a *genius loci*. Both men, for all their indifference to the arts, believed, with all their nineteenth-century credulity, in the reality of this *genius loci*, just as they believed in the reality of angels and demons; just as Newman, for example, at a time when Caroline Divines were his inspiration, believed that Archbishop Laud each night watched over and cared for the University of Oxford; that pagan Rome was a real presence, an anti-Christ lurking in the shadows of the papal city. The *genius loci* that haunted Manning was the spirit that dwelt among the marbles, on the huge flights of steps, in the salons of old palaces and among the columns and domes by the Tiber; the *genius loci* that haunted Newman, often to the point of tears, was the spirit that flitted, Ariel-like, over Christchurch Meadow and among the spires by the Isis.

Their lives were curiously parallel: evangelical childhood, University of Oxford, Anglican distinction, conversion, Rome, the Cardinal's hat; in every other way violently opposed. The direct, biographical explanation lies, of course, in the ambitious prelate as against the sensitive



Cardinal Newman, and (right) Oxford from the cupola of the Sheldonian; on the right are the dome of the Radcliffe Camera and the spire of St. Mary's National Portrait Gallery



A. F. Kersting

poet, in mutual distrust . . . in almost everything. Its nature is clarified if we recall Manning's motto, *Aut Caesar aut Nullus*, and that every act of Manning's life was a Roman act; whereas every act of Newman's life, not least when he had left Oxford for ever, was an Oxfordian act.

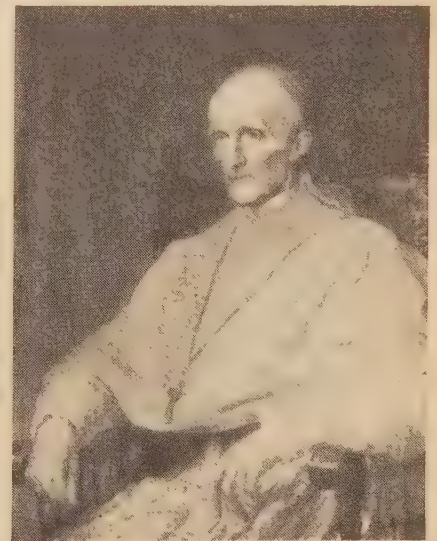
On an Advent dawn of 1854, Manning, as a young English priest, stood on the Pincian Hill in Rome. Below him was the Piazza del Popolo, around him were the dark ilexes and pines of the Villa Borghese. Beyond that, against the line of the Campagna, was Rome. As the pink stone of churches and palaces turned to crimson, and the domes—dome after dome right out to St. Peter's itself—were all flushed, there came to the young priest's clean English ears the salute of guns. Other salutes were being fired in Naples and Vienna. The Immaculate Conception of the Mother of Christ—immaculate all the way back to Adam—was that day to become a dogma. The celebrations were remarkable. To depict the event, in so far as it was depictable, frescos of a chromo-lithographic nature were placed in the Vatican galleries, bigger but not better than those by Raphael in the next room. Not only were there frescos and guns; Egyptian obelisks and Corinthian

columns were reared up in piazzas everywhere. Still, to this day, in the Piazza di Spagna, the Mother of Christ looks down from her bronze and marble pillar upon the pellucid waters of the Fontana della Barcaccia—the Fountain of the Galleys—all quivering at this moment with the neon lights of a Roman evening.

Later that day the Cardinals went from the Quirinal to the Vatican; they went in sixteen coaches, as Strachey said, 'like mysterious painted idols'. Past the Forum Romanum, past the Pantheon and San Andrea del Valle, past the white-cloaked dragoons with their black horses upon the Bridge of San Angelo, to where Zouaves and Swiss Guards awaited them in the shadow and sun of Bernini's colonnades. Last, behind a monk upon a white mule, the Holy Father—gilded coach, six horses—scattered benedictions. In mud and slush and dung the crowd knelt. It was superb. It was Caesarian. And it was all architecture, all high Baroque and urban spaces devised for a particular drama. True, cattle were quartered in palace courtyards, sheep grazed upon the Palatine, there was fever in the starving tenements. But all that, somehow, was authentic; it made it even more Caesarian. Manning found



Vernon D. Shaw



Cardinal Manning, and (left) a view of Rome with the dome of St. Peter's, seen across the River Tiber National Portrait Gallery

it irresistible: so much so that he himself, in the end, had to play a major part.

In those days, it has been said, the approach to Oxford by coach along the Henley Road was the most beautiful in the world. The cottages of Littlemore being left behind, there were cornfields on one side, on the other only the streams of Cherwell and Isis wandering among unhedged meadows. Across the meadows—modern shops, laboratories, suburbs, and railways all swept away—there was nothing save that long line of towers and spires. One moment you were in the country, the next you were past the elms and over Magdalen Bridge. That was the Oxford to which Newman came as a scholar of Trinity in 1817. When he left, nearly thirty years after, she was much the same. She was not quite, of course, the Oxford of Merton and the poor medieval clerk; here and there she was Palladian, or even flavoured with the Baroque of Flecker's 'faded floral air, the love that lingers there, and the streets where the great men go', but still very largely ecclesiastical, almost monastic. To a boy—morbid, sensitive, religious—she was romantic and wonderful beyond anything.

But there was also, in that medieval Oxford, a distinct eighteenth-century tang: lots of potential Parson Woodfordes, hard-riding, hard-drinking Yorkshire squires at Queen's, Gentlemen Commoners everywhere with hunters and tandems. It is not hard, in this Oxford, to see young Manning, the banker's son from Harrow—pink breeches and tasselled Hessian boots—as he came cantering up The Broad, always proud to cut a good figure on a horse. Not hard either to see him with young Gladstone and Wilberforce, winning golden opinions at the Union. His college was Balliol, and Balliol, after all, was ever the home of worldly success. It was said of him in his Anglican days that 'no power on earth could keep him from a mitre'; at Oxford it seemed as if no power on earth could keep him from the Treasury Bench. That power was in fact his father's bankruptcy. At the very moment, however, that a political career was barred, the Holy Ghost intervened: the call came—as he himself said: *ad veritatem et ad seipsum*—to Anglican orders, and so to that not uncomfortable rectory at Lavington. It was providential.

The Common Room at Oriel

To this Oxford of rising young Tories it must have seemed that their world would go on for ever. Liberalism, Chartism, Reform, were clouds scarcely visible from The Broad: the Romantic Movement merely an affair of Gothic follies, Lakeland poets and *Waverley*: Godwin and Shelley forgotten embarrassments. And yet, since Romanticism had cast her golden haze over the Middle Ages, sooner or later medieval dogma, as well as legends and art, must come into the picture. And where, if not at Oxford? For nearly two centuries the Tory Church—her Prayer Book almost an Act of Parliament—had slept a deep sleep. But now, as men awoke to lost medieval enchantments, it was asked: what really had happened at the Reformation? Did the Prayer Book, by any chance, mean what it said? Nobody seemed to know. Was it possible that all those slightly bibulous parsons, toadying to their squires, were after all Catholic and Apostolic priests, with powers to bind and loose? 'It would be a great gain to this country', wrote John Keble, 'were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion'. Into the still and stagnant pool that first Tractarian pebble dropped with a splash. To bewigged provosts, to easy Tory minds, the whole idea was indecent; to poetic, romantic, imaginative, sensitive, morbid, polemical, or merely credulous minds, it was delicious. Such minds were to be found in the Common Room at Oriel.

Such groups are rare in history; they happen when, through some mutually shared emotion, all other emotions are sublimated. It happened around Plato, among the Apostles, around St. Francis, perhaps for a time in the Cambridge of Tennyson and Hallam, almost certainly at Oriel. And at Oriel, as the idea of an apostolic priesthood emerged, there emerged also the ideal of celibacy. As seen from Oriel, with its high romantic friendships, this ideal was more poetic, more Oxfordian, than the rather tarnished celibacy of Rome. As Oxford men one by one followed Newman into the Roman Church, he likened it to Heaven, only because it was there that the blessed are united; and in the oratories he founded there are still traces, in their rule of life, of that tiny amateur monastery at Littlemore as well as of Oriel itself. As an old man he planned a Catholic House for Oxford; by direct papal act at the eleventh hour it was stopped; it was dangerous, it was liberalistic, Oxford was no place for Catholic youth. Above all,

as the Vatican—with Manning's help—knew only too well, Newman was still in love with his first love, Oxford. He must be crushed. The old Italian coach had got an Oxford thoroughbred between the traces, and disliked it. For nearly fifty years he was kept in the dark obscurity of the Oratory in Edgbaston—a frustrated genius, to be honoured only in senility.

Newman would put moral above intellectual excellence—it was indeed a favourite theme. Nevertheless, after years of moral and emotional doubt, he became a Catholic upon a point of intellectual integrity, almost upon a theological quirk. When he entered that unknown world of Italian cardinals and Irish priests, abandoning for ever the refinements and loves of Oriel, he may have been a convinced Catholic; it is certain that he had a broken heart.

Portrait after Millais

If Newman's heart was broken when he left Oxford, Manning mended his in Rome. We see Manning, round about 1840, in the churchyard at Lavington. It is a picture young Millais might have painted, or a vignette from *Scenes from Clerical Life*: horse chestnuts, trails of ivy, an old wall, the rector sitting by the grave of his young wife, writing sermons. There was to come a time when he counted her death a blessing, when her grave was to be defaced. Meanwhile there was another picture—the sublimating of grief in work, the long story of intrigue, of secret confessions, of letters 'under the Seal', of journeys to Rome and of pages torn out of diaries. For ten more years he was, as Archdeacon of Chichester, all things to all men; then, the bridges secured ahead, there came as he knelt at Gladstone's side in the little chapel off the Buckingham Palace Road, that last melodramatic refusal of Anglican communion. The Gladstonian friendship was over; among the marbles and frescos, between the huge Corinthian columns of Carlo Maderno and up the Scala Regia, he knew there would be a warm welcome.

For Newman there had been only Father Dominic. Once a shepherd in the Alban Hills, this gentle priest arrived one evening at the Angel. In pouring rain he went out to Littlemore and in an hour all was over. In the *Apologia* there are a few famous words about the last glimpse of Oxford spires as seen from the railway. In Newman's autobiographical novel, *Loss and Gain*—seldom read now—there is this:

There lay Oxford before him, with its hills as gentle and its meadows as green as ever. Each college, each church, he counted them by their pinnacles and turrets. The silver Isis, the grey willows, the far-stretching plains, the dark groves, the distant range of Shotover . . . wood, water, stone, all so calm, so bright; they might have been his, but his they were not . . . He could not have another Oxford, he could not have the friends of his boyhood and youth in the choice of his manhood.

Through the last days of 1869 the sparkling carriages of princes, the ponderous coaches of cardinals, crowded upon the Roman Corso. Not only was this a Victorian Christmas in Rome; it was also the Christmas of a Vatican Council—a Council in the long tradition of Nicea and Trent, also the Council of the Infallibility. Manning, having come to Rome in a whirlpool of papal enthusiasm, moved through the intrigues of those months with the assurance of a prince of the Church, a Wolsey or a Reginald Pole.

Pageantry in St. Peter's

Pius IX had, as the Council opened in the Sistine Chapel, identified himself with Christ. Newman wrote from his obscurity, comparing the pure air upon St. Peter's Rock with the 'malaria of imprudence' that prevailed in Rome. But the end was not in doubt. In the north transept of St. Peter's one can with ease put a London parish church, weathercock and all; and there, upon wooden staging covered with Brussels carpet—yellow with pink roses—the 700 cardinals and bishops fought their battles, so far as bad acoustics and bad Latin permitted. The scene was dominated by 700 white cardboard mitres, diversified by black and scarlet copes, green hats, chocolate and violet veils. Manning, as one of the architects of Infallibility, had on his knees besought Pius to define the Dogma. So it was not in the *aula* of the north transept that Manning's victories over European Liberalism were planned; it was in drawing-rooms, in the Appartamento Borgia, in the Borghese Gardens, or in his walks with Odo Russell upon the Appian Way. As the Council moved into the sweltering summer of 1870, Rome

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The Task of the Music Critic

By MARTIN COOPER

IF all the world loves a lover, as the saying is, very nearly all the world criticises the critic. And since of all the arts music probably makes the strongest immediate appeal to the widest and least sophisticated public, the music critic may well be the least popular member of an unpopular profession. To many people, indeed, he must appear simply as the man who arrives late at a concert and leaves early, listens with apparent indifference and ostentatiously refrains from applauding; and then proceeds in next morning's newspaper to demolish in half a dozen chilly lines what has been a great emotional experience to his readers. That is not, of course, his intention; but it is not surprising that it is the impression he often gives.

Wide Responsibilities

The task of a music critic is not so much difficult to define as extremely difficult to carry out. The range of his responsibilities is wider than that of the critic of literature or painting; for beside his duty to the public and the creative artist, he, like the dramatic critic, has also to take 'performers' into account. The poet, the novelist, the painter and the sculptor need no middleman to bring their creations before the public. Poems and novels, once printed, can be read by anyone: a picture or a statue has only to be publicly exhibited to be seen. The creations of the composer and the playwright, on the other hand, have to be 'performed' in order to make their proper impact; and performances may be good, bad, or indifferent—that is to say, they may successfully carry out the composer's intentions, they may hopelessly distort them, or they may achieve a decent approximation.

One of the main difficulties of the music critic in writing about a new or unfamiliar work is to determine where the responsibility for its success or failure lies. A fine new work under-rehearsed by a conductor out of sympathy with the music can fail utterly at its first performance; and an empty piece superlatively played may appear far better than it really is. Another difficulty that faces the critic of a new piece of music is its *inaccessibility*. In order to become more closely acquainted with it than is possible from a single performance—to study and analyse it—he must have learned pretty thoroughly to read a score. (He very often cannot procure one in time, but that is a comparatively minor matter.) To read the score of a modern orchestral work is no small feat: it requires an exercise of the intellect and the imagination such as is not, I think, demanded of the critic of any other art. The words which are the literary artist's material, and the colours and forms which are the painter's or sculptor's alphabet, are in themselves familiar from everyday life: it is the artist's arrangement of them that is new and individual. Music is different. It is composed of evanescent sounds that play no part in everyday life—abstractions of intense but ambiguous significance, dependent on an elaborate system of conventions. Music is, in fact, a code, or system of codes, a language which can only be written down in a clumsy and complicated system of signs, and is only really alive when it is, as it were, spoken. The score of a musical work is not the work: in fact, the French writer Sartre has made out a very good case for Beethoven's seventh symphony not really existing at all, since it is neither the written score nor the individual performance.

This elusiveness of music is one of its most fascinating characteristics; but it greatly complicates the task of the music critic. In the case of a new modern work, for example, he may be called upon to record his judgment of what corresponds to a poem in a new and unfamiliar 'code', or a new arrangement of the familiar code, an hour or so after hearing a single performance. Little wonder, then, that many new works receive a 'hedging' notice in the newspapers the morning after their first performance. Nor, perhaps, do most people realise the enormous handicap imposed on music critics in the daily press by the lack of space at their disposal. There can be no question of that 'discussion' of a new piece of music that is accorded to a new play, a new book, or a new film. There is only room for just what the scrupulous critic is most reluctant to make—a 'snap' judgment—or else for a diplomatic 'hedging' that tells the reader little

or nothing of what he wants to know. In the weekly newspapers or periodical journals the position is, of course, better: in the daily press it is little less than desperate.

It may appear from what I have been saying that the music critic, like his fellow-critics of the other arts, is largely concerned with new works—and that is certainly how it should be. But, in fact, nothing could be further from the truth. The huge majority of works performed in our opera-houses and concert-halls is anything from fifty to 150 years old. This position has no parallel in the other arts. Imagine London's theatres based on a repertory extending from Sheridan to Pinero, with new plays given occasional short runs by a few enterprising managers, and you have a roughly similar situation. The reasons for this unhappy and unhealthy state of affairs do not concern me here, only its effect on the critic.

If, as may well happen, he hears Beethoven's third symphony, Brahms' and Sibelius' second, and Tchaikovsky's sixth, five times a month for eleven months of the year, he is in the first place in danger of becoming immune to their beauties. No work of art will stand such insulting familiarity. Unable to find anything new to say about the work, he will concentrate on the individual performance and become increasingly exacting in his standards. The modern obsession with perfection of performance is, in fact, directly traceable to this treatment of music as a kind of museum art. I have often been present at a decent, uninspired, routine performance of these, or equally popular works, and seen the look of intense, rapt enjoyment on my neighbours' faces. They may be hearing the work for the first time in their lives, or at least in that particular season; in any case not for the second time that week. The music comes wholly fresh to them; they are carried away by its ideal magnificence, its poetry, its colour; and they are very properly oblivious of small faults or inequalities of performance. I, on the other hand, know that the performance is nothing exceptional: I may well have heard the same orchestra play the same work rather better the week before. I know, too, that my neighbours—if they glance at my notice the next morning—will be indignant to find that I have not shared their enthusiasm. Perhaps some of them will even write suggesting that I was in the bar while their favourite symphony was being played, or that I am hopelessly ill-qualified for my job. And yet it is on the performance that I must comment; I cannot at this time of day embark (in the half-dozen lines at my disposal) on the sublime beauties of a Beethoven slow movement or the intoxicating effect of Tchaikovsky's orchestration. And so the critic is in danger of losing touch with the public, whom he exists—at least in part—to guide and help.

Reaction in Favour of the Unusual

This over-familiarity with the small repertory of acknowledged masterpieces has another effect on the critic. It predisposes him unduly in favour of anything, old or new, that is out of the common run. This is often thought to be an affectation, like Mme. de Guermantes' preferring Wagner's early works to his mature masterpieces; but it is, in fact, simply the effect of a natural reaction. Reactions are in themselves perfectly healthy and inevitable. Public taste is gradually fashioned, with the lag of a decade or so, by those (critics among them) who have become saturated with the 'classics' of their day and have 'reacted' against them. We have instances all round us—the present popularity of Mozart's music; the enthusiasm for opera in this country after generations of oratorio-worship; or the revival of interest in Wagner. The critic's duty is always to try to enlarge first his own musical sympathies and then those of the public. But, being human, he is likely to react over-violently, unless he is an unusually well-balanced person, a rare enough phenomenon in the sphere of the arts. I know that I myself was reared, like most of my generation, in a blind and altogether excessive adoration of the 'three B's'—Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms—and it is only now, when I am over forty, that I am recovering from the reaction against my excessively Teutonic musical upbringing.

Fashion, after all, is a very strong element in the musical taste of any

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NEWS DIARY

October 21-27

Wednesday, October 21

Unofficial strike of petrol distribution workers in London affects supplies at many garages

British and Egyptian negotiators on the Suez Canal problem fail to reach agreement at meeting in Cairo

H.M. the Queen opens new Trinity House

Thursday, October 22

Commons debate events in British Guiana

Royal Commission to be set up to consider law relating to the certification of the mentally sick

The Paymaster-General, Lord Cherwell, resigns

Friday, October 23

Petrol scarcity causes increasing transport difficulties in London

100 people lose their lives in floods in southern Italy

Lieutenant-Colonel Carne is awarded the Victoria Cross for valour in Korea

Saturday, October 24

Men of the three services are employed in delivering petrol in the London area

A special conference of the National Union of Teachers decides to accept salary recommendations of the Burnham Committee

Sunday, October 25

Yugoslavia rejects proposal from Italy that troops on both sides should withdraw from the Trieste frontier area

Minister of State for Colonial Affairs returns to London after visit to British Guiana

London bus services reduced owing to petrol strike

Monday, October 26

Delegates to meeting at Panmunjom fail to reach agreement on agenda for peace conference on Korea

Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, meets French High Commissioner for preliminary talks on the Saar

Minister of Fuel makes statement on Britain's improved coal stocks

Tuesday, October 27

Five members of People's Progressive Party in British Guiana are detained indefinitely under emergency powers

Fuel tanker drivers return to work in London

Heavy gales cause damage in Scotland and Ireland



London's transport and public services were disrupted last week when oil and petrol distribution workers went on strike. Saturday men from the three services were employed to move supplies. Left: troops loading supplies. Above: strikers marching to a demonstration. Workers Union



One of six American 280 m.m. atomic guns which have recently been delivered to western Germany, photographed during a demonstration of mobility at Mainz on October 23. The gun weighs eighty-five tons and has a range of twenty miles



Over 100 people are feared to have lost their lives in Southern Italy, last week. About 3,000 people are still under water. The photograph shows the aftermath of the bridge being washed away.

Right: Polish dancers in the cavalcade of International Labour Day



A service being held in Trafalgar Square on October 25 to mark United Nations Sunday. Special prayers were also said in churches throughout the country for the work of the United Nations

were threatened with serious disruption
workers went on unofficial strike. On
were brought into the London area to
lorry at a depot in Wandsworth.
held by the Transport and General
on October 23



in floods which devastated Calabria,
less, and last weekend 500 square miles
a railway track suspended in mid-air
at a village near Reggio

Folk dance held at Manchester last week



Sir Muirhead Bone, the etcher and draughtsman, who died on October 22, aged 77. The brilliance of his work showed to its greatest advantage in complicated panoramic and architectural subjects. He was an official artist for the services in both wars and his drawings form an important section in the Imperial War Museum. He was knighted in 1937



An incident during the England v. the Rest of the World match at Wembley on October 21. The result was a draw, 4-all



Two members of the band of the Danish Boys' Brigade who are touring this country, photographed as they arrived to give a concert in London last week

(continued from page 727)

age; and the stronger for being in most people quite unconscious. Perhaps the critic should, ideally, be above and beyond it; but failing that he must be very conscious of its power and do all he can to correct its pull in his own judgments of music, old or new. In order to do this he must first try to understand the fashion of his day. This may be easier for him if he is out of sympathy with it than if he is wholly and typically a man of his own age. A historical parallel to the situation in our own time may possibly serve to show what I mean. There were many contemporaries of Byron, critics among them, who made fun of the wave of 'Byronic melancholy' which swept the arts: the posture of the outcast and reprobate, the dark, 'interesting' figure with a load of unspecified guilt on his soul. There were even more who unconsciously adopted this attitude—it would be unfair to call it a pose. But few tried to understand it or to explain how a not obviously attractive attitude to life was so widely adopted. Today, too, a large number of our most gifted artists, including composers, seem to the ordinary person to suffer from a similar malady—an obsession with sin or guilt, with pathological emotional states, and with the cruelty, injustice, and apparent aimlessness of life. Ours, however, is a critical and scientific age and we are profuse in our explanations of such things—explanations that are often, it is true, symptomatic of just the same state of mind.

The music critic must keep his head and try first to explain satisfactorily to himself the reasons for this artistic fashion; and then to determine how much, in any new work of this kind, the composer's attitude is dictated by his own, genuine, personal anxiety or despair, and how much he may be, unconsciously, paying tribute to the prevailing mode. The shadow—or seamy side of life has certainly been thrust remorselessly under our noses for the last forty years; and the general complaint of the 'ugliness' of modern art, including music, is often the outcome of an exasperated feeling that the arts might surely have continued to provide a pleasant refuge from the beastliness of everyday life, instead of reflecting it as faithfully as they often have done. That, of course, is a mistaken notion. Any live art must reflect the preoccupations of the age that produces it; and it is hardly the artists' fault if the preoccupations of our own age have been with battle, murder, and death, horribly lingering as well as mercifully sudden. (Byronic 'gloom', we may remember, also became fashionable after years of a bloody and protracted war.) Not that wars and concentration camps, political insecurity and personal anxiety make up the whole of our experience of life. Far from it. Only the ugliness of life naturally impresses itself most strongly on the most sensitive, and the most sensitive naturally include many creative artists among them. In the arts, 'ugliness' is in any case a difficult, relative term, for what is

ugly to one generation is often proclaimed beautiful by the next; and perhaps, as has often been said, the only real ugliness is weakness. Nevertheless the fact remains that what the ordinary listener or concert-goer calls the 'ugliness' of much contemporary music is still a high barrier against its general acceptance.

Can the music critic, in his role of middle-man, help to break this barrier down: and, if so, how? By exerting pressure on the composer or on the public? I do not believe in exerting any kind of pressure on the creative artist: he is a plant that bears its own flowers, and if these do not find a ready sale at Covent Garden, no interfering nursery-man or florist can help him to alter his strain. They can commend them to the public, certainly; and in this they resemble the critic, who can and should fight for the recognition of any music that he thinks unjustly neglected. This, in fact, is one of the critic's chief responsibilities: to try to determine the real worth of a work apart from its immediate appeal to himself. I have already referred to the obstacles in his way, obstacles peculiar to music and not inherent in all criticism of the arts—the frequent necessity of judging from a single performance, the difficulty of obtaining a score and of then forming an opinion from the printed page, which is at best a blueprint of the composer's intentions. We have seen that if the work in question is either notably in the fashion of the day or notably unfashionable in idiom and general conception, he must be doubly careful to avoid that kind of prejudice, favourable or unfavourable, which is in the very air he breathes. But at all costs he must be honest.

All music critics faced with a new work have been haunted by memories of their predecessors who failed to recognise Monteverdi, or Beethoven, or Wagner. That sort of conscience has made, and still makes, innumerable cowards, fearful above all of 'exposing themselves' by a hostile judgment. It might perhaps be well for us music critics, as a race, to bear in mind the far larger number of critics who, in every age, have acclaimed the geese among the composers of their day as swans. We might do well to forget the detractors of Beethoven or Wagner and remember the fulsome adulation given by critics to the fashionable composers—J. C. Bach, Raff, or Moscheles.

In any case it can safely be assumed that an honest and discerning critic will at some time in his career be called a reactionary by one musical set and a radical by another. That he must take for granted and toughen his hide, though critics in general are perhaps rather more sensitive than *prima donnas*, whom they often resemble in many other ways. Honesty will be for him not only the best, but the only possible, policy; and if I had to define his task in a single phrase, I think I should say that it was to be wholly honest, first of all with himself and then with the public.—*Home Service*

The Unbroken 'Ring'

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES

IT is just 100 years since the poem of 'The Ring' was privately printed, and since that time an overwhelming literature has appeared on the subject of Wagner's intentions—so much, that it is extremely hard to go into an opera-house and submit to what is, in fact, a heavy physical ordeal, without adding to it an oppressive sense of obligation. Not only the sagas, but Hegel and Schopenhauer, not only the philosophers but Ernest Newman; not only the pundits but Bernard Shaw: one ought to have read them all. One ought to have read them in several languages, moreover. And if one has done so, what is the result? Very likely, that one is blunted in susceptibility to the operas themselves.

When I started going to opera at all, in the nineteen-twenties, Wagner was not a good intellectual investment. We thought him opaque, I remember; we resented what we considered a lack of subtlety; we were, in fact, the kind of people whom Constant Lambert had in mind when he wrote, ten years later, that 'the more fervent admirers of Debussy and Stravinsky regarded their music as not only a reaction against Wagner, but as the death of Wagner'. Possibly this was partly because we were accustomed to hearing most of our Wagner as a series of detachable pieces, thrown together on Monday nights at the Queen's Hall. The 'Meistersinger' Overture, the 'Forest Murmurs', the Fire Music, the Funeral March of the Gods; thrown together,

diversified by the singing of various heroic ladies in evening dress, and huge men in tail-coats, the pieces sounded brave but ill-advised. And on the stage of Covent Garden there was no certainty of hearing 'The Ring' as a single whole; some remnant remained of a tradition which had made it possible even for Mahler to allow 'Siegfried' to be performed before 'Das Rheingold' in order to please a tenor.

I have therefore thought it worth trying to recapture the freshness of someone seeing 'The Ring' for the first time as it ought to be staged. I am assuming very little on the part of the listener: just what I can provide myself, in fact. He must have read the poem; he must know in outline the music; and he must know enough about Wagner to be able to recognise some of the spirit of the mid-nineteenth century in Germany. How does 'The Ring' emerge if one looks at it dispassionately? How far, in the nineteen-twenties, were we right or wrong?

The first thing which strikes one, I think, is the extreme beauty of the sound, and the workability of the system upon which it is constructed. How did it come to seem vulgar once? How did we come to associate the motives with the kind of fixed theme which Shaw, referring to 'Der Freischütz', compares to the name-plate on an umbrella? The answer must be that it was a matter of acoustics. We

thought, for example, that we were listening to music of a peculiarly delicate poise when we heard 'Pelléas' or 'L'Heure Espagnole'; we conceived that each effect of juxtaposition between voice and orchestra had been calculated to the finest hair's breadth. We were wrong. Of course the calculation was there; of course Debussy and Ravel were using a palette carefully composed almost to a fault. But they had overlooked the essential. They had not built an opera-house precisely for their need. And so, while in ordinary circumstance much of their virtue merely evaporated, Wagner's music, worked out with a far greater practical exactitude, became a travesty of itself in the routine concert-hall or opera-house; it required the acoustical discipline of Bayreuth.

The discipline was applied, however, only to the sensuous side of 'The Ring', and behind the senses lay an intellectual equipment of the most formidable order. In listening to an ideal performance of Wagner the first thing to do is to let the music take care of itself, to let it flow and ebb like a tide. But the music is there, as Wagner was never slow to point out, for an intellectual purpose. And I do not think anybody can easily listen to 'The Ring' without being struck by the extraordinary delicacy used in executing that purpose.

For example, we know how Wagner split the components of his story into musical themes: how he used the themes both to indicate character, and activity, and emotion. We know how the themes can be identified as the sword-motive, or as the redemption-motive, or as the fire-motive. It only needs a little examination of the score to see how these motives are used as the doctor uses the notes in his case-book. The case-book is on record—a touch of fever, a patched lung, a strong suspicion. It can be reconstructed at will. The only person in ignorance is the patient. And so, let us say in the first act of 'Die Walküre', Sieglinde can look at the ash-tree round which Hunding's hut is built, and the sword-motive can thunder out, while no mention has yet been made of the part the hidden sword is to play in the action. The motive is merely an orchestral pointer, a note in the book, so to speak. And all the way through the operas this technique offers a means of analysis; it enables Wagner to add any dimension he likes to a given situation.

In this there is a weakness. The material of which 'The Ring' is composed is partly traditional, and partly new. Wagner had the kind of mind which could take a myth and give it new vitality. Like Joyce, in the writing of *Ulysses*, he could discover fresh correspondences, hear echoes usually pitched out of range, and make a sonority where tradition had only left a noise. By imagining his work as one whole—a poetic, musical, visual whole—he was able to keep it under control.

But no one, however fertile his genius, is equally able in every field. The object of Wagner was to produce a work in which music and poetry, scenic effect, and moral teaching, were all integrated together; he was to do it all himself; furthermore, when he began work on 'The Ring', he was only in his thirties. What happened to him was that his mastery in each separate field was affected by his interest in another. You cannot think of Wagner simply as a musician who happened to write his own librettos; you can think of him still less as a poet who happened to possess a transcendental musical gift. When one part of his mind conceived an extraordinary visual impres-



Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection
Amalie Materna as Brünnhilde in 'Die Walküre' at Bayreuth half a century ago, and (below) scene from Act III of 'Die Walküre' at Bayreuth in 1953



sion—say the burning of Valhalla, and the Rhine rising to extinguish the flames—another part of his mind was simultaneously working on a musical equivalent; a third part laid the verbal cues to the action; and a fourth part was fitting the incident as best it might into a philosophical or didactic conception. The whole makes up Wagner's approach to his art; but each part of the whole is not equally successful.

I have mentioned Joyce, and I am not sure that a better analogy can easily be found. Joyce, it is true, was confined to a single art: but his aim was to overhear every imaginable resonance within the range of that art. Obviously, one cannot say that *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake* is 'like' 'The Ring'; but they have certain things in common. Their technical interest can hardly be exhausted, since they are all works of ingenuity rather than of spontaneous incandescence. All depend, for their effect, on the kind of sympathy which makes a listener catch the right echoes. There are famous gramophone records to be heard, in which Joyce reads part of *Finnegans Wake*; and admittedly a good deal of sensuous pleasure can be had from them. The listener even has the impression that he is understanding what he hears far better than he dared hope. Similarly, it is possible simply to abandon oneself to the sound of Wagner; there is a surface upon which one can float, without paying much attention to what goes on under the surface. But neither Joyce nor Wagner would have approved. They both demand apprehension at several different levels at once.

There is, of course another handicap to the proper enjoyment of 'The Ring': its central character has become, in the light of history, one of exceptional unpleasantness, and not only unpleasantness but inefficacy. In the middle of the nineteenth century one can well imagine that Siegfried made a refreshing appearance on the stage. To a respectable, secure society the sudden vision of anarchy always brings a feeling of liberation. And after the alarms of 1848, one can divine the personal impact of a Siegfried upon his creator first of all, and then upon his audience. He was the Partisan, the Liberator: rather rough in his methods, perhaps, rather over-impetuous, but both brave and fortunate beyond the run of ordinary beings. He had escaped guilt because he had escaped fear; he had re-established the proper relationship between a supernatural and an earthly order by preserving what of Wotan, his grandfather, was worth preserving, and at the same time eliminating the uneasy quality of godhead. He had become the perfect secular hero.

In the last century we have had too many secular heroes—and too many of them have imagined themselves to possess the same privileges as Siegfried. Nowadays, therefore, one notices his unbearable manners,

his boastful inability to see any point of view but his own; and one is shaken in one's wish to elevate 'The Ring' to one of the great myths of the modern world by the change which overtook Wagner during the years when he left his cycle of operas unfinished. For the Siegfried of the 'Götterdämmerung' is unlike the Siegfried we already knew. For one thing, that really disastrous operatic device of the magic potion is called upon much too often; it ends by reducing him to the status of a ninny. And, for another thing, he forfeits any claim to our affection by falling far below the representative level of the ideal man—and if Siegfried is not the ideal man, the hero, he is nothing. The whole myth, in fact, peters out in a confusion of potions, curses, broken resolution, denunciations, treacheries: a machinery which will do all right for the creation of a myth, but is fatal to its effectiveness. For it means that when the great moment at the end comes, the theme of *Erlösung*—Redemption—nothing in fact has been redeemed. The total work of art has collapsed: it has come to depend solely on its music, because poetry, visual effect, and philosophy are none of them strong enough to take their equal place beside music in the composer's intellectual plan.

'The River Rhine in a Vacuum'

Luckily, Wagner's purely musical gift is vast enough to carry him through. It may be impossible to analyse the climax of 'The Ring', but it is very easy to enjoy it. And since the foundations of the myth have been laid with such skill, one can even invent reasons to account for one's enjoyment. Wotan, for instance—by far the most interesting character throughout 'The Ring'—ought not to have been discarded so soon. He is simply dropped, like an old friend who has served his purpose. All the same, one can nearly persuade oneself that there is a credible subtlety in this: for in fact, by the end of the cycle, and as a direct consequence of Wotan's abdication, we are left with nothing but the river Rhine in a vacuum. The whole myth has, as it were, fused at the moment when the fire broke out which burned Valhalla. The gods have gone, the race of heroes has gone, the gold has been returned to the river-beds; nobody is left except, one presumes, Alberich, the cause of all the trouble.

And yet—there it is: once one has raised every sort of objection to the working-out of 'The Ring' as a cycle of operas, one is left with an enjoyment which is different in kind from any other. Just how to define that enjoyment is not easy; but I believe it arises from Wagner's exceptional diversity of gifts. Compare 'The Ring', for instance, with any other operatic masterpiece, and think of the kinds of satisfaction involved. 'Fidelio', perhaps: since there is something to be said for the view that 'Fidelio' is the most wonderful of all operas. Obviously, the impact of 'Fidelio' is far more direct, but it is also much more limited. Beethoven moves within the limits of a single situation, and he relies upon purely musical means to extract the most from that situation. Or Berlioz' 'Troyens': here the pleasure is that of a vast declamation. The operas are like an immense public meeting conducted on terms of musical logic—fast and slow, loud and soft, lyrical and dramatic are strung together; but the moods do not coalesce. Or 'Otello': the moods coalesce, but again they are restricted to a single Shakespearean pattern. Whereas in 'The Ring' a secret movement of feeling is constantly being set in motion under the difficult patterns of the plot. Leonora's devotion, Dido's despair, Jago's cunning are all states of mind which can be set out in full. Whereas 'The Ring' is full of extraordinary complexities of emotion due to the fact that Wagner was an articulate poet as well as a musician. Loge, for instance, and Siegmund, and, above all, Wotan are continually going beyond their brief to shake the complacency of the listener with a disagreeable piece of psychological insight. They could not do this through words alone, nor through music alone; but the combination of the two, backed by the primitive energy of Wagner's myth-making, sets up a kind of reverberation in the mind.

The precise point of what goes on is less important than the constant shocks of recollection given by the total action on the stage—rather as if Wagner had established an authoritative contact with a whole series of archetypes which touch us all. Thus the endless narrations may be individually boring; we cannot wish to hear Siegfried tell his story all over again, or Wotan re-explore some part of the legend which is perfectly well known to everyone in the opera-house. But a long way under the surface, below the level at which one is merely tired, a flicker of interest stirs; the exact use of a theme, or the chance sound of a single word, save us from becoming numbed by repetition: by the end of the fourth evening we are either sick of the whole thing,

because it is not the kind of operatic music which has any appeal for us, or else we are hypnotised into accepting the long and cumbrous argument as a set of reflections which at some point or other touch our innermost feelings about the world. I cannot think of any other composer who can do this with such skill. It is not a musical sensation, and certainly not a literary one. It has nothing to do with drawing a moral or exhorting a chosen people. Hitler tells us that his life was changed by hearing 'Lohengrin', and there has been no lack of other Germans to claim their own affinity with Siegfried. But the penetrating force of Wagner's music has generally very little to do with his sometimes insufferable views: it is a force bestowed purely by the skill with which he blended the arts together.

In one respect we have the better of him today. Had he foreseen what could be done with modern stage-lighting, it is reasonable to suppose that he would have welcomed the innovations which have been introduced at Bayreuth by his grandsons. It is not easy to overstate the difference between a conventional Wagner production—the kind of production which disgusted my own generation with Wagner twenty-five years ago—and the Bayreuth 'Ring' as it is to be seen today. ('Tristan and Isolde' is a still more striking case, incidentally, but that lies outside my province here.) For at last the third element in Wagner's concept of the total work of art is coming into its own. It will take some time yet, but already one can see how immeasurably the operas gain by being freed from the excessive naturalism which has so far been imposed on their producers. And once the visual side of 'The Ring' has been effectively harmonised with the words and music, I find it hard to believe that Wagner will ever easily fall out of fashion again.—*Third Programme*

The thirteenth annual issue of *The Saturday Book*, edited by John Hadfield (Hutchinson, 25s.), offers a pleasing array of curiosities in text and illustration. Contributors include Kenneth Tynan, Oliver Warner, Cyril Ray, Gerald Bullett, Alan Ross, John Moore, T. O. Beachcroft, Peter Quennell, Willett Cunningham, and Fred Bason. There is a fine selection of pictures of the Cézanne country as seen by Bill Brandt and by way of a lark a light-hearted survey of the year's literature by Daniel George.

The Playground by the Church

At noon I sit in the playground pondering.
A neighbouring clock spells out the turn of day.
Twelve syllables . . . I count deliberately
As though I doubted time. The children play
On swing and see-saw, content simply to be,
In fact or fantasy freely wandering.

This is an hour when much might be revealed
If curious conscience closed its daybook up,
As nightly the flowers that blazon from these beds
Cloister their colours in the petals' cup.
Then heavenly influences caress their heads.
So, in the whorl of darkness, a dream's concealed.

What's the reality? The shrill commotion
Of child and child, deaf to the belfry's chime?
These have their reasons, yes, beyond my care.
Only the silent witnesses of time,
The impeccable dead, who lie behind me here,
Trouble the noon with questions of devotion.

Such are the doors philosophy unlocks
And desperate creeds struggle to lock again.
I think how Valéry once, among the graves
Beside that most ancient sea, cried out in vain
'O Life! We must live, must live!' The indifferent waves
Flung back unsolved the final paradox.

It haunts me now. Always the mind resumes
Its eternal meditations. An interplay
Of light and shadow flickers across my face.
Noon on its chiming pivot divides the day
As summer the year—and look, in their dusty race
The golden children romp on the tilted tombs.

J. C. HALL

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Case for the United Nations

Sir,—Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is one of Britain's more sympathetic ministers towards the United Nations: it was he who, for the first time, welcomed on behalf of the Government the delegates to the Second International Conference of Parliamentarians on World Government held in London in 1952.

There are, however, a number of points in Mr. Lloyd's United Nations Day broadcast on which I would like to comment. First of all he stated that 'the only chance for lasting peace in the world is to build up respect for the rule of law in international affairs; respect for a code of rules enforced by a world organisation endowed with the necessary power and authority'. Note he said 'the rule of law in international affairs'. The great majority of people will accept this phrase unquestioningly whereas in fact 'law', in the sense of an enforceable code or verdict, simply does not exist in international relations.

We have still to attain the stage in international affairs where an award of an international or world court will be enforced by an effective authority over and above the nation state. Until such machinery is established, nations still retain an important portion of their, fortunately, decreasing sovereignty. It is therefore careless and misleading for Mr. Lloyd, or anyone else for that matter, repeatedly to use the phrase 'the rule of law in international affairs' while such law as does exist in international affairs is at most law by precedent, and a vastly different matter from what we understand by law in a national society such as we know it in the United Kingdom.

From a similar desire for accuracy and clear understanding, I should like to comment on another remark made by Mr. Lloyd. When speaking of the action against aggression in Korea he said 'nations should know that if another similar aggression takes place similar action to resist it will also be taken'. It is a good thing Mr. Lloyd used the word 'should' for while the United Nations remains no more than a league of nations, its strength at any given moment in time is unlikely to be more than the sum total of the goodwill existing between the governments—not the peoples—of its member states; hardly a very stable factor on which to rely for action at precisely the time when aggression has taken place and thus when the goodwill of member governments, presumably, is strained to the point of aggression! One can hope that an adequate number of nations might possess a sufficient degree of enlightened self-interest to combine for collective action once again, but with the United Nations constituted as it is at the moment, it is not something which nations can 'know'.

Finally, Mr. Lloyd during his broadcast stated that the United Nations 'often seeks to intervene in matters which are outside the scope of the Charter'. Too often these matters 'outside the scope of the Charter' are precisely those which may fester into aggressions whereupon, sufficient nations concurring, the United Nations takes action. The real problem here is not that a given problem is outside the scope of the Charter which lends itself to countless interpretations anyway, but that the existing machinery of the United Nations is inadequate to meet the demands of its Charter.

Which brings me to my last point. Mr. Lloyd

will know that during the current session of the General Assembly no less than three governments have tabled motions calling for preparatory work to begin on proposals for the revision of the Charter when it comes on the agenda for review at the tenth General Assembly in 1955. Since the war Britain's record in advocating that authority be given to international institutions has not been a happy one. In Europe we have been accused of 'dragging our feet'. More recently we have done nothing to support the Netherlands and Norwegian proposals for a parliamentary Assembly to be created within Nato. Frequently the reason given has been that Britain has world ties which prohibit her closely associating herself with, or supporting any international body with effective authority.

Can we then, with regard to the possibilities of revising the United Nations Charter and thus the machinery of the organisation, at last atone for the unhappy insularity which has become increasingly obvious in our post-war foreign policy? Perhaps Mr. Lloyd, sympathetic as he is to the United Nations, by the proof of one of his own remarks, i.e. that 'we must build up the authority of the United Nations', can begin the process of atonement when the United Nations debates, as it will during its present assembly, the question of revising the United Nations Charter and its machinery.—Yours, etc.,

DOUGLAS ROBINSON
London, W.C.2 Secretary of Federal Union

Sir,—In his broadcast talk published in your issue of October 22 Mr. Selwyn Lloyd states that the Security Council decided on June 26, 1950, to intervene in Korea, that fifty-three nations subsequently endorsed that decision declaring North Korea to be an aggressor and that sixteen nations sent forces to offer collective resistance to aggression.

These statements are not in accordance with the facts. It was on June 25 that the Security Council, without hearing evidence and without investigation, decided that North Korea was an aggressor. There was no meeting on June 26 and the Security Council did not wait till June 26 before reaching their decision. It met again on June 27 and was then informed that United States air and sea forces had been ordered to intervene in Korea and that the Seventh Fleet had been sent to Formosa. The sixteen nations, mentioned by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, were warned by the United States Senate that they might lose all Marshall aid unless they sent forces to Korea (*New York Times*, August 1, 1950).

It is surprising that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd should be unaware of these facts. They have been stated many times at Lake Success.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.5 J. T. PRATT

The Task of the Art Critic

Sir,—To me, the painter, Eric Newton is a critic I can always enjoy, and, I boast, I can always understand, more indeed since sympathy is now added by reading his lucid explanation of the task that faces the critic in doing justice to modern art, especially the difficulty of putting across the pictorial merits of a particular painting.

But you know, I am on the side of the bewildered general public when Eric Newton says:

Still that old implication that art must copy nature. The poet can write, 'Her neck is like the swan', and the Englishman understands exactly

what he means. But when the portrait painter says her neck is like a swan in paint, the old outcry begins.

Now surely this is an unhappy example. We all know—whether we are English or not—what the poet means when he draws a simile between a human neck and that of a swan. It conjures up a mental image of suppleness, grace, poise, length; it is absolutely descriptive (though, perhaps a bit hackneyed!). But once a human head on a swan's neck is described pictorially the truth is destroyed, and something that was beautiful in words becomes monstrous in paint. 'Must I like that?' cries the humble person. And can you blame him?

Is there any poetic simile in literature that would not meet the same fate? Think of 'The Song of Solomon', or rather, don't! Apart from this slip, it is good news that Eric Newton is determined, as we say, 'to press on', for he certainly knows his job.—Yours, etc.,

Midhurst ADRIAN HILL

Portraits from Memory

Sir,—I used no 'device' in replying to Mr. Laing. I merely stated a fact. The phrase 'liver hormone' means simply 'a hormone produced by the liver'; it has no other meaning whatsoever. As far as is known, the liver produces no hormone. Therefore to write, as Mr. Laing did, of 'liver hormones' is, I repeat, to betray an ignorance of elementary physiology.

In evading my second question, Mr. Laing says that Shaw claimed that the injections had made him 'excessively ill'. He also claimed (*My Thirty Years with G.B.S.*, page 217) that they had 'rejuvenated' him; a little later he said they had caused him to 'drop dead twice'. I cannot help feeling that Shaw was somewhat woolly over the whole affair.

In the event, however, Shaw did not die even once as a result of the injections; and he did recover. I therefore repeat my original question: How does Mr. Laing think that the effectiveness and non-toxicity of the preparation used by Shaw had been established prior to injection? By cogitation, or by animal experiments?—Yours, etc.,
Aberdeen

HOWARD LEES

'Der Atlas'

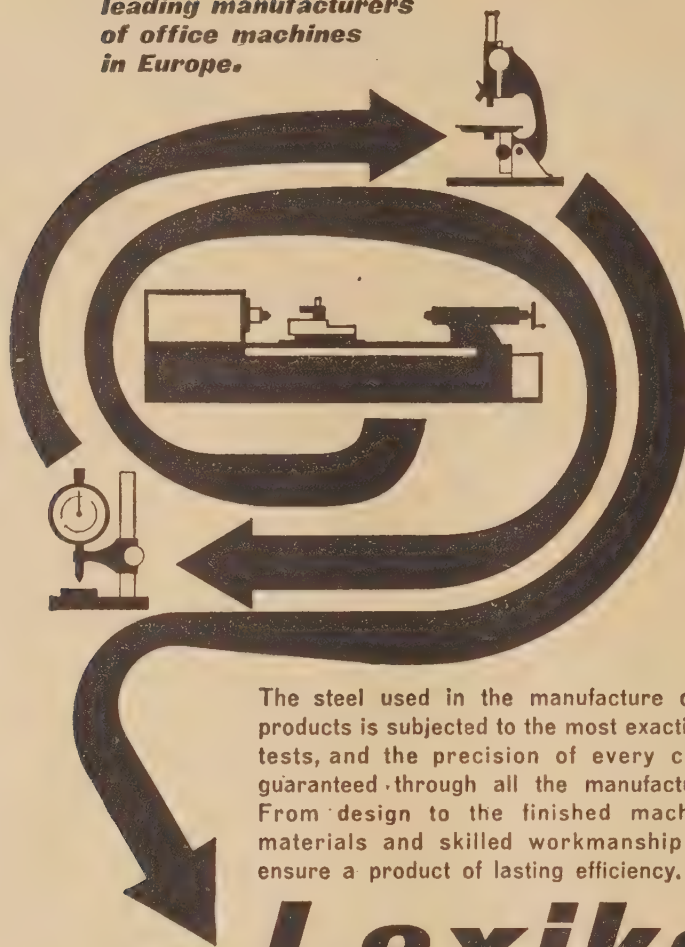
Sir,—May I add a footnote to Mr. Dyneley Hussey's most interesting comments on Julius Patzak's interpretation of the Schubert-Heine song 'Der Atlas'? With Mr. Hussey's criticism in general there can be no disagreement, but it is interesting to note that Schubert called Heine's poem not 'Atlas', but 'Der Atlas', because the poem is not meant to be a complaint from the mythical Titan with the world on his shoulders, but the cry of a burdened poet, whose burden is the anguish of unhappy love.

Yours, etc.,

Marlborough MAURICE J. E. BROWN

So many contributions have been sent to 'First Reading' in response to Mr. Ludovic Kennedy's letter (*The Listener*, October 1) that it will be some time before all the manuscripts can be considered; also, literary merit apart, it will be impossible to accept for broadcasting more than a very small fraction of them. The subject for next month's parody is T. S. Eliot (not more than twelve lines of verse). Contributions should be sent to the Editor, 'First Reading', by November 15.

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Disappointments in the Kitchen Garden

By SALLY LUNN

WHENEVER I meet another gardener, we seem automatically to start competing with each other in dramatic stories of damage by heavy rain and wind or ravages by pests and disease. Last winter I planned, with great enthusiasm and optimism, a gardening campaign which was going to bring into my kitchen delicious vegetables every week of the year. It was a good scheme, but in my enthusiasm I hoped for better weather and I underrated the great interest which other creatures besides me were taking in my allotment. Their plans and mine were very different and they often won, and as a result my kitchen has often had to suffer from gluts and shortages.

Their greatest victory was won in the spring by slugs, who hid themselves in the old stone wall surrounding my allotment. We have always been on guard against them, but this year their appetites seem to have been excessive, and normal precautions have not been enough. By normal precautions I mean I always put little heaps of slug bait, covered by old tiles, round my seed bed and near young plants newly put out. The wind and rain I suppose have spoiled these little heaps and slugs do not find damp slug bait tempting.

Having noticed that slugs, when offered a choice, prefer indoor meals to picnics and dry slug bait to damp, I decided to open slug restaurants and give my customers what they liked. A slug restaurant is an old cocoa tin or any smallish lidless tin with a front door cut at the rim. I have collected a few crab shells this summer and they make extremely elegant restaurants. I put a good pile of slug bait on the ground near the vulnerable plants or seedlings and jam the tin or shell on top of it. The front door should be big enough to admit snails, as these restaurants are patronised by all sizes and shapes, but not too big or the rain will get in and spoil the menu. This method is much less wasteful of slug bait; and slugs, unlike ants, never seem to learn wisdom.

Broad beans let me down rather badly this year. I usually sow two batches, one in November and one in February, and they provide my kitchen with useful vegetables between the spring cabbage and the green peas. This year I had a poor crop and did not pick a bean until July, some time after I had picked peas. (Peas, by the way, were excellent this year and a great source of consolation.) I think the reason for the disappointment in broad beans was the wind and beating rain which battered the plants so badly in their early stages: some were so twisted and bent that it is surprising they managed to yield anything. Next year I think I shall get hold of a few hurdles to break the wind.

This has been a bad year for potatoes. Most of my neighbours in the allotments and other friends have had their crops attacked by potato disease and unfortunately their potatoes are not going to keep. In a damp season potato disease is prevalent and it is necessary to spray the plants once, or perhaps twice, really thoroughly (wetting every scrap of foliage, underneath the plant as well as on top) with fungicide. This really does take away the risk of potato disease and several of my friends who sprayed conscientiously are feeling smug about it now.

Now I come to my greatest disaster—mildew

in the onion bed. I grow a lot of onions and give more time and care to my onion bed than to anything else in the garden. Perhaps my pride in my onion beds of the last few years has been out of proportion to the value of the crops: I have regarded them almost as badges showing my skill as a gardener.

Until mid-July my onion bed was a pleasing sight and promised an excellent crop. Then I was unable to go out to the allotment for nearly a week. When I did, a horrible sight greeted me. Mildew had got a firm hold, and in that wet weather there was nothing I could do about it. Owing to the bad weather I am afraid I had slackened in my attentions to the onion bed. I had not thinned the bulbs drastically enough, nor had I weeded conscientiously enough. This had prevented good air circulation round the onions and this, in such a wet season, invited trouble. Next year I shall have to change the position of my onion bed (which is a pity, because I had manured it heavily and had planned to use the same site for several years), and I think I shall change my variety of onion. 'Up-to-date' is, I understand, highly resistant to mildew.

In order to give a fair picture, I ought to put a few cheerful comments into this chronicle of gloom. All my crops this year have not been failures: indeed, some have done very well. In a garden one's pleasures and one's sorrows mingle. My carrot bed was next to my onion bed and that has been a lovely sight. As I said before peas have been excellent—no thrips, no maggots. French and runner beans have been very good too. In spite of difficult starts, thanks to the activities of the slugs, most of my brassicas are looking very good.

My only complaint about brassicas so far this year has been an attack of club root in one row of asparagus kale. This was the first time I had grown asparagus kale and it was disappointing to have to pull it up and burn it instead of eating it. It was also the first time that club root had ever entered my allotment and I am still puzzled to know how that destructive fungus got into just one row of plants (fortunately there is no sign of it anywhere else). Club root can easily be recognised by the really horrible smell it causes and by the distorted roots of the plants it attacks. I have put quicklime on the ground and I shall have to be careful not to grow any brassicas there for at least two years. A row of peas or beans will be all right.

It may sound rather dramatic to count weeds as disasters—weeds being such common afflictions. All the same, in a wet season, when weeds flourish excessively, they are the allies of disaster in the garden because they are such terrible time-wasters. As I have only a limited amount of time to devote to gardening, the time given to weeding has been taken away from other important jobs like spraying or dusting or staking.

My next complaint probably sounds rather perverse, since I have been grumbling so far mainly about the wet weather. Beginning with the second week in June we had a very dry spell: no rain, and high, drying winds. My allotment became parched and the young plants recently put out began to look very sorry for themselves. It was then that I lost the greater part of a patch of early cauliflowers through cabbage root maggot. This was a great sorrow for me as I

had brought them on lovingly in the frame. From this disaster a difficult resolution has been born. Cauliflowers like moist conditions, and if the roots become dry, the danger of attack from cabbage root maggot is great. If, therefore, there is a dry spell during the early stages of my cauliflowers next year, I shall brace myself to daily watering: I say brace because I have to go down to the river to get water and then carry it some way, all uphill. I believe water is a more certain deterrent to cabbage root maggot than any other preparation.

Now, may I add a cheerful postscript to my rather mournful tale? It is an old saying I came across the other day and it goes something like this: 'If you want to be happy for an hour, get intoxicated; if you want to be happy for three days, get married; but if you want to be happy for ever, become a gardener'.

—From a talk in the West of England Home Service

Rome and Oxford

(continued from page 726)

became strangely empty; the Opposition was fading away. Purcell has described the last session:

The thunder-storm, the lightnings from Heaven which burst over the Vatican, as the Council ratified the Papal Decree was but a pale reflex of the moral storm which agitated the hearts of men . . . The Fathers of the Council were subdued into silence. Manning was perhaps the most silent; but his face was flushed with excitement and transfigured with indescribable triumph.

Pius IX was dead. Newman was a Cardinal. He came back to Oxford in 1877 to be honoured by Trinity. It had been there, on that summer day in 1817 that he had first heard the bells from Oxford towers, and had communed with his 'dear Self'. Through the years a picture of Trinity had hung by his bed. 'Trinity was never unkind to me', he wrote. 'There used to be much snapdragon growing on the wall opposite my freshman's room there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my university'.

I started with a thesis: the *genius loci*—the whole aura of a city—can dominate the whole soul of a man. Manning preferred the obvious; Rome, for all its incidental subtleties, is obvious. The Baroque of Michelangelo or Bernini first dwarfs a man; then, as he remembers that these columns, steps, entablatures are after all only man-made, it flatters him. Or, rather, it flatters his institutions. Baroque states a relationship between Power and the Individual. The Papacy of 1870, having exchanged a merely temporal power for one inconceivable to men, is the logical conclusion of Michelangelo. Oxford is not obvious; it is intricate. College lawns and towers, gabled halls, with a thousand associations, set in an English pastoral, express emotions too deep, or, as Newman's were, too complex, for analysis. The man-made world of cities can reflect any phase of man-made thought. Two such phases are to be found in the Spirit by the Tiber and the Spirit by the Isis.

—Third Programme

Art

'Football and the Fine Arts'

By DAVID SYLVESTER

THE cream of the entries to the £3,000 prize competition sponsored by the Football Association for works of art relating to soccer can now be seen at Park Lane House, 45 Park Lane, and will subsequently tour the provinces. This competition was organised in order to persuade artists to try to deal with a subject of considerable social significance which they had all but ignored. Why they had ignored it is made clear by this exhibition. The fact is, football is not very paintable.

It is not that it lacks excitement for the eye. But that which excites the eye, albeit the artist's eye, is not invariably material for a work of art. How many good paintings have you seen of a motor-car, an atomic explosion, a fashion show, an airport, or a game of squash? Subjects tend to be paintable in so far as they are universal. Where there is an extreme degree of particularisation, of specialisation, in shapes or human gestures, the painter generally seems to lack the vocabulary with which to represent them. The sight of twenty-two men kicking, heading and breasting a ball about a field like so many penguins can be one of the most thrilling spectacles on earth. But it has neither the historical universality of a sport like horse-racing nor the metaphysical universality of a sport which is a matter of life and death, like bull-fighting. That perhaps is why neither association football nor any other ball-game has found its Degas and its Géricault, its Goya and its Manet.

The sculptor can evade this problem with isolated figures going through the motions of footballing. McWilliam's three figure-studies (surely a much finer work than his other, prize-winning, entry) are no more confined within the frame of football than Degas' bronze dancers are within the frame of ballet: they are studies of the human figure in action. As soon as two figures are brought together to represent some footballing incident, like a tackle, something goes wrong. The sculptor is naturally obliged to make distortions that will emphasise the struggle between the figures (as in Peri's prize-winning entry). And the conflict of forces thereby expressed will be ludicrously disproportionate to the human import of the conflict which is being depicted.

And yet, if a game of football excites the eye, so do newspaper photographs of football. Only, the reason these images excite us is their curious unreality: the players are frozen in a fantastic tableau which corresponds hardly at all to what the human eye sees on the field of play and yet whose relation to reality is not arbitrary, as the conception of a human mind would be if a painter tried to invent something equally unexpected. This, of course, tempts the artist to paint from news-pictures of football. The dangers of doing so are shown by Claude Rogers' entry, which, though the most professionally competent work in the exhibition, has divested the photographic image of all its vitality and drama in the attempt to give it pictorial coherence. Of all the works in the exhibition which appear to have been done from photographs, the only one which convinces is the prize-winning etching by Susan Benson, who has perspicaciously taken advantage of the

similarity in scale and texture between a news-picture and an etching by not tidying up the roughnesses of the original image.

But if a game of football seems an almost impossible subject for a picture, the setting in which professional football is played provides a wealth of material for the painter: the hurry of figures converging on the turnstiles, the thousands of faces stretching away on every side with a blue mist of tobacco smoke rising into the mist of the late afternoon, the surging cross-currents of a blind mass of heads pushing and swaying towards the exits, the poignant empty terraces littered with papers when all but the last stragglers have filtered away, the curious architecture of the stadium itself—the steep vertiginous terraces of the Valley,

the great flat sweeping bowl of Stamford Bridge with its scattered irregular stands looking as if they had been improvised overnight, the brooding geometry of White Hart Lane where the pitch is hemmed in by stands with roofs carving great clean dark rectangles out of the sky.

It is not surprising that at Park Lane House there are some good pictures of stadiums and the crowds inside and outside them. The finest is undoubtedly Lowry's 'Going to the Match' (one of four to share the painting



'Saving a Goal': an etching by Susan Benson, from the exhibition 'Football and the Fine Arts'

prize). It is exactly the Lancashire townscape with figures you would have expected Lowry to produce for the occasion, but he has risen to that occasion and painted a very good Lowry. A picture of the same type of subject by C. Chamberlain (which received an honourable mention) is lively and not without a certain entertaining 'realism', but its clever organisation is offset by an unwillingness to subordinate local colour and incident to the whole that puts it in the realm of story-telling. Alfred Daniels' scene at Craven Cottage (another of the prize-winning paintings) possesses his familiar sense of place and precise awareness of character as expressed in posture, but the complexity of the subject has been too much for his capacities as a designer, which seem to operate only when he is dealing with a few forms situated in a single frontal plane. Anthony Eyton has a very sensitive and well-painted, though perhaps too poetically tenuous, 'Fog at St. James's Park' (an honourable mention). L. L. Toynbee's 'Mid-week at Stamford Bridge' (a further prize-winning painting) is a thoroughly sound Euston Road picture, suggesting the influence of Coldstream's 'St. Pancras Station', which shows what fine opportunities stadium architecture offers for constructing satisfying relationships of lines and planes in space. But it is Miss Benson again who wins the topographical palm, for two drawings of Stamford Bridge (which carried off all the prize-money for drawings) whose economy of means reflects a knack of selecting architectural essentials that in so young an artist is almost alarming.

The Saturday afternoon lectures at the National Portrait Gallery for the autumn season begin on November 7 with a lecture by A. T. Milne on Gladstone. Other lectures will be on Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake, Cecil Rhodes, feminine emancipation over two centuries, Thomas and Matthew Arnold, and R. L. Stevenson. They will be given each Saturday at 3.15 until December 12.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Captive Mind. By Czeslaw Milosz. Secker and Warburg. 18s.

MR. MILOSZ is a Polish poet now living in exile in Paris. He had a certain reputation as a poet before the war, which was enhanced by his work in the underground during the German occupation. When Poland became a Soviet satellite he was given honorific positions and became cultural attaché first in Washington and later in Paris; from the latter post he defected in 1951. In this sincere and illuminating book he tries to make clear the reasons why he abandoned the one irreplaceable condition of a poet—an audience whom he could address in his native language; and also, in a series of thinly disguised portraits, the reasons why, and the manner in which, some of his fellow intellectuals and writers have managed to hold their positions and work for the new regime.

This is an important book in the spate of anti-Communist literature less because it provides new information (such as there is mostly gossip) than because it offers a new approach and a new insight into the situation and problems of the states of Eastern Europe. With the exception of Czechoslovakia, they none of them had any experience of political democracy in the western sense of the word; and the unspeakable horrors of the occupation by the Nazis—the representatives of the West—not only destroyed most of the pre-war institutions and massacred their personnel, but also demolished a model or ideal to which the survivors could aspire and which seemed worth the dedication of their lives and efforts. Nazi nihilism left a political vacuum; and the popular front governments installed by the Russians immediately after liberation-occupation filled this vacuum to general satisfaction.

Unfortunately, the insatiable Great Russian suspicion could not long be satisfied with this state of affairs. Applying the ecclesiastical principles of '*principis obsta*' and 'he who is not for us is against us', they demanded more and more russification, more and more slavish copying of Soviet institutions, more and more abject glorifications of Stalin and the Soviets, an ever more rigid hewing to the Party Line. With the clear-sighted cynicism which is part of the Communist Party's strength, they realised that the only real potential danger for a resistance which could give rise to an alternative government lay in the native intelligentsias; only ideas and ideals could provide a rallying point for opposition with which they could not easily deal. The intelligentsia therefore had to be prevented from acquiring, or at any rate sharing, such dangerous thoughts; and since the chief means of communication within this group is printed matter, the authors had to serve the interests of the new Imperium, not merely negatively, by not writing at all, or not writing subversively, but positively by writing approved and 'useful' books, poems and pamphlets. Since nobody can be forced into writing, this aim was achieved by giving the writers more comfort and prestige and a bigger audience than they could ever possibly attain under other systems of government; and conformity could be enforced by the withdrawal of these privileges, above all the most essential for a creative writer—access to his audiences.

Mr. Milosz describes the varying successes and failures of these techniques with different Eastern European (particularly Polish) writers; and he also has a most interesting chapter on the various compromise techniques of outer conformity and inner dissent which have been

dubbed 'the inner emigration' but which he names after an odd Moslem sect which practised dissimulation, called *Ketman*. It is perhaps in its implications that this book has most importance: if the West hopes to win 'the battle for men's minds' among the intelligentsia of the satellite countries of Eastern Europe, it needs to offer much more than sterile anti-Communism and a glorification of Western technology, which, for these listeners or readers, means Nazism; it must offer a philosophy, a set of values, and a possible way of life which has at least as much intellectual appeal as dialectical materialism.

An Elizabethan Garland

By A. L. Rowse. Macmillan. 15s.

In this volume Mr. Rowse has collected thirteen papers of great diversity. Some are the journalistic by-products of coronation year, one especially—a catalogue of crownings—hardly worth reprinting. There is a brief and quite interesting record of some impressions of America during the MacArthur crisis, a pleasingly adulatory review of the third volume of Sir Winston Churchill's war history, a somewhat overcharged reminiscence of a Canaletto exhibited in the King's Pictures in 1948-9. The most charming and least raucous of these articles describes Mr. Rowse's conversion to pre-history by the romanticism of Mrs. Jacquetta Hawkes. It seems that we must take the title to cover the reigns of two Elizabeths. However, the bulk of the items is historical. They do not pretend to offer new knowledge or new conclusions. New things can perhaps still be said about Sir Francis Drake or about the beginnings of English colonial activity, even in the space of a dozen pages, but Mr. Rowse is only concerned with collecting familiar detail and presenting it clearly and pungently to the general reader. The general reader will be well advised to ponder the judgments offered and not to allow himself to be stampeded either into ready agreement or (more probably) immediate disagreement.

Three of the papers deserve a little closer attention. They deal with the Elizabethan Christmas, with the opinions of historians on Elizabeth I, and with the question whether the present age in any way reproduces the conditions of the first Elizabethan age (Mr. Rowse rightly says it does not). None of these discussions goes deep, but they help to illumine the mind and method of one of the more prolific and popular English historians of our day. They reveal his strengths: the enormously wide reading, the excellent eye for detail (notably in the first of the papers just listed), the love of his subject, the incisive phrase, the willingness to commit himself. It is these things which make Mr. Rowse such a valuable 'social' historian, so good at reviving the dead past. But the weaknesses are there, too. Everything is on the surface. Snap judgments take the place of laborious penetration to the roots of things. There are frequent lapses into the sentimental and, much worse, the utterly banal. The ready sympathy extended to one kind of person (the sensible, worldly, self-seeking) involves a complete lack of sympathy with the impassioned, the fanatic, the religious—a serious fault in a historian. (It appears that we must add to Mr. Rowse's well-known feud with the Puritans a new feud with the Victorians.) There is good description but only poor analysis or none. Mr. Rowse might have used the material he collected on 'Queen Elizabeth I and the Historians' for an exploration of the changes in historical method and historical understanding;

instead he gives us a catalogue with remarks acid or approving according as the view discussed agrees with his own idolatrous attitude to the great queen.

The Dilemma of Democratic Socialism:

Eduard Bernstein's Challenge to Marx
By Peter Gay. Oxford. 30s.

It is remarkable that there has been until now no study in English of the 'Revisionist' controversy which nearly disrupted German Social Democracy half a century ago. Edgar Milhaud wrote a good account of it in French—which Mr. Gay does not seem to have read—but in English there has been only Bernstein's own book, translated as *Evolutionary Socialism* in 1909, and long out of print. Much has, of course, been written on the subject in general books about Socialism, in which Bernstein has been commonly coupled with the English Fabians and often said to have learned his 'Revisionism' from Webb and Graham Wallas. So, no doubt, he did, to a considerable extent; but he also learnt it from observing the facts around him and shaping his ideas to fit them rather than the theoretical Marxism of which he had been a devotee.

Mr. Gay, in the present study, brings out well Bernstein's essential honesty of mind, which helped to ruin him as a political leader. Though self-taught in the main—he began by earning his living as a bank-clerk—he was essentially a scholar, and not a politician: he neither could nor would adapt his thought to what his audience was ready to receive, and consequently he often failed to get it to appreciate his point. Indeed, quite often, his audiences were determined *not* to understand him; for what he had to tell them struck at the very foundations of the Marxism which was their creed in theory, even though their actions were mostly inconsistent with it. The German Social Democrats, from the 1890s to 1914 and again in the first years of the Weimar Republic, chose almost deliberately to accept a sharp contradiction between theory and practice rather than to run the risks of new thinking about their fundamental dogmas. Bernstein's was the only major voice raised in favour of bringing theory into harmony with practice: there were, of course, many more, such as Rosa Luxembourg and Karl Liebknecht, who wished to bring the practice into conformity with the theory. Mr. Gay shows clearly that the majority of those who supported Revisionism did so, not because they accepted Bernstein's revised theory, but as 'practical men', who cared little for theories but favoured gradualist parliamentarism in practice. This, for example, was the attitude of the German trade union leaders, who supplied a large part of the votes that were given for Bernstein against the orthodox Marxists, such as Kautsky and Bebel, who fought against him.

There were many issues between the Revisionists and their opponents. Bernstein, though he continued to regard himself as a Marxist, in fact denied most of Marx's outstanding doctrines. He denied that the workers' position under capitalism was getting worse, that the middle classes or the peasants were being crushed out, that property was being concentrated in fewer hands, and that capitalism was proceeding towards a 'final crisis' in which its collapse would lead inevitably to a proletarian victory. Indeed, he denied inevitability altogether, and thus offended against the bedrock doctrine of 'scientific' socialism. Most of all, however, his attack on orthodox Social Democracy turned on

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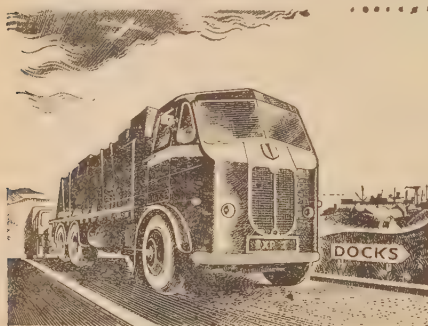
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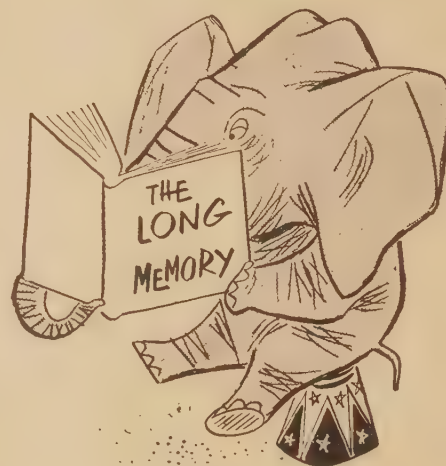
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his attitude towards the state, which he refused to regard as simply capitalist or reactionary and saw as in process of transformation under socialist pressure into an instrument of popular welfare. This ranged him on the same side as all those Social Democrats or trade union leaders who wished, on any ground, to come to terms with the state and work within it rather than make ready for revolution to overthrow it. But at the same time Bernstein remained a strong international Socialist, and parted company with those who supported his general attitude when it came to considering what the workers ought to do in face of a threat of war. Against most of his fellow Social Democrats, he was prepared in such a case to advocate an international general strike against war, even if it were certain to fail. In August 1914 he backslid for a short time, believing Germany to be the victim of Franco-Russian aggression. But he soon changed his mind and began courageously to oppose the war. He was, however, unhappy in the left-wing company in which he then found himself; and after 1918 he was soon back with the majority socialists and among the most vigorous denouncers of Bolshevism and all its works.

Mr. Gay, on the whole, tells the story of Bernstein's opinions competently. The weakest section of his book is that which deals with the economics of the matter, in which he does not seem to be quite so much at home as in the political parts of the controversy. He has read widely in the German literature of the subject, and has made good use of the Bernstein papers, now in the International Institute for Social History at Amsterdam. Very much in his mind, throughout his narrative, is the question whether socialism can or cannot be achieved by democratic, parliamentary methods, as Bernstein believed it could. If the upshot of the discussion does not get his readers much nearer to an answer, that may not be his fault; for, as he says, it depends on the circumstances, including both the prevailing social attitudes of the key class groups in a country, and also the situation in which a country finds itself as the outcome of international events. Nevertheless his book, though it does not answer this question, does at any rate throw much light on what happens to a socialist movement which tries to avoid asking it, and allows itself to accept a fundamental contradiction between its practice and its theory.

The Coast of Incense. Autobiography, 1933-1939. By Freya Stark.

Murray. 25s.

The third volume of Miss Stark's autobiography follows the pattern of her second. Each of its five chapters begins with a summary of the period that it covers, written in the light of the present, and is followed by a long selection from the letters that she wrote at the time. The result makes a highly interesting experiment in autobiography. The introduction, wise and rather nostalgic in tone, tells us how we should read the letters, which then provide a lively and vivid account of what she did and felt at the time. We thus learn to know Miss Stark not only as she is but as she was. Many of the happenings which she now relates are already known to us from her published books on travel in Arabia. But here we see the raw material from which such a work of art as *The Southern Gates of Arabia* was distilled; and we are told in addition how her life was spent between her journeys, and of other journeys in less exotic lands, such as Syria and Greece.

It must be said that her method is not altogether successful in producing a well-rounded book. It is always a little disconcerting to be jerked from the past tense into the present; and letters, unless they are consciously written for posterity, inevitably contain much that later

seems trivial and hardly worth recording. Miss Stark is incapable of writing badly, because she has, to use her own words, 'a natural ear for cadence and the wish to get the meaning right'. It would be unreasonable to expect her to be at her superb best in letters that were only written as letters; but anyone who knows her best cannot help feeling a little disappointed to be given here something of less permanent quality. Her honesty is partly to blame. She wishes us to understand, for example, the excitement of the first little social successes of being a celebrity, though she clearly liked them more for the pleasure that they gave to her mother than for the gratification of her own vanity. Indeed, she may well have found that no other method would enable her to paint an accurate picture of her own development; and the main human interest of her autobiography lies in the account of her emergence from a shy unhappy girlhood into a maturity strengthened by the consciousness of achievement.

The first volume of the autobiography was a work of art in itself, as were *The Valleys of the Assassins* and *The Southern Gates of Arabia*. The second and third volumes do not quite belong to the same shelf. But they are not therefore to be set aside; for they contain stories of courage and adventure, told with candour and humour and a vivid power of description, both of places and of people; and they contain a remarkable self-portrait of a very remarkable woman.

Daughter of Confucius

By Wong Su-Ling and E. H. Cressy. Gollancz. 16s.

This must be the quietest adventure story ever written, quiet because it has all the modest assurance of truth combined with the simplicity that accepts with faith and so without excitement. Yet to have begun life in a Buddhist Chinese clan household faithful to a tradition of 2,000 years, and to have passed in some three decades to being a Christian with an academic diploma resident in an American Seminar is an astonishing adventure.

The story is limpidly told by Miss Wong, with a good deal of help, obviously extremely tactful, from Professor Cressy. It is humane, direct and clear-seeing, steadied by balance and a sense of humour: in comparison Marguerite Audoux's *Marie-Claire* seems sophisticated; yet Miss Wong is not at all naive. The story begins in 1918, and we are plunged into the complex life of a wealthy landlord-scholar, official home, with its land, its shops, its traders and slave-girls, all regulated according to the strictest Confucian rules of behaviour and morals. 'Miss Seven', the darling one of the family, was quite unafraid of the terrific grandmother, with her monkey and her two attendants, a *grande dame* if ever there was one, who, illiterate though she was, ruled the clan by sheer force of character and boundless common sense. Thus, since her grandmother accepted her, she missed little of what went on. Luckily for herself she was born just late enough to escape having her feet bound; and taking advantage of the changing spirit of the time, wheedled her grandmother into allowing her to go to the family school. Matters were easier when her branch of the clan became Christian, in spite of the consequent financial loss, and she went on to the American-run Junior High School, and finally (in a lorry stinking with the putrefying heads of two bandits) to a Senior High.

The tale of all this mingles with scenes of a changing, though not necessarily dying, order, including the Japanese invasion, but not the Communist revolution. Thus much of the fascination of the book comes from its being a charmingly intimate autobiography woven into

a background of bewilderingly rapid social change. Even at the end of the old pieties, customs, superstitions mix oddly with a Christian individualistic outlook, one ethic merging into another. The book is at once a touching personal record and a valuable social document; and what is admirable is the calm with which the whole story is told, the deeply emotional portions being suffused with a youthful benignity, while the social changes are described without any whiff of propaganda. It is modernity tinged with Confucian ordonnance and graciousness.

Godwin's Moral Philosophy: an Interpretation of William Godwin

By D. H. Monro. Oxford. 15s.

When Godwin died in 1836, aged eighty, he had long been a legend to his detractors. He seemed to them bent on convulsing mankind. The legend survived in attenuated form. At best, he was regarded as advocating abstract reason and, at worst, as preaching revolution and anarchy. This century has seen a more detached study and therefore a truer understanding. Forty years ago, in *Shelley, Godwin, and Their Circle*, H. N. Brailsford sought to present those daring minds afresh. It was a sympathetic appraisal offered to an age which was increasingly aware of the need for change but free from the memory of the French Revolution and the upheavals of the first half of the nineteenth century. The heterodox was no longer necessarily unfashionable. The Russian Revolution attached added interest to the earlier cataclysm which marked Godwin's generation. D. H. Monro is the latest scholar to come to Godwin's rescue, and he performs his task with commendable caution.

Godwin was a prolific writer, and conflicting *dicta* are easy to find in his works. But his aim was constant, namely, to improve men and thereby remedy the inequities of society. He disliked conventions because they imposed a morality, which, because it was imposed, was imperfect. He identified perfection with an approach to 'the voluntary state'. But he advocated care in the process of abolishing conventions. He recognised the power of emotion and myth. He wanted action to be based on reason and not on illusion, but he did not believe in the immediate possibility of great change. He urged that a beginning should be made. He did not put forward his ideal as a practical programme. Much of the misunderstanding of Godwin has arisen because his vision was taken to be his present policy. His essential work, *Political Justice*, emphasises the practical value of discussion in the effort to improve the minds of men. Such improvement was an inescapable preliminary to effecting social change.

Even his immediate programme was based on optimistic assumptions. He abhorred submission even to good habit. Passive obedience was a vice. He followed Helvetius in attaching decisive importance to training and environment in moulding character. This led him to reject the idea of a national educational system, for that, he feared, would introduce the rule of thumb. He also underestimated the social and ideological consequences of the growing urbanisation and industrialism.

The author pays due regard to the influence upon Godwin of 'French intelligence' and the English non-conformist conscience. Perhaps a key to the understanding of Godwin lies in the fact that he was once a dissenting minister. Logic and first principles were fashionable among the young intellectuals in the first half of his life. Authority and generalisation were suspect. Even the doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number could be used to create arbitrary policy. Godwin built his moral philosophy upon the combination of two principles, the principle of the greatest happiness and the prin-



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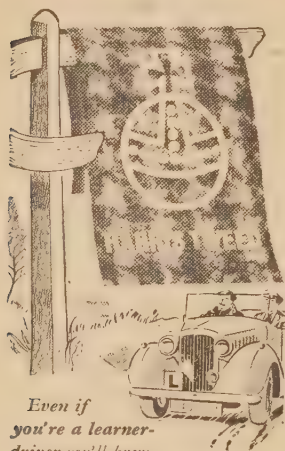
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ciple of impartiality. Duty was the performance of such action as contributed most to the general benefit, and virtue consisted in the performance of conscious and correctly motivated duty.

D. H. Monro's conscientious study of Godwin and of the literature on Godwin has the great

merit of detachment. He does not seek to create a counter-legend or to attribute to Godwin a wider or more lasting influence than he exerted. The nineteenth century saw great administrative reforms. The powerful and pervasive practical influence of Benthamism vastly outstripped the

stir of Godwinism. Interest in the radicalism and heresies of Godwin's life period is now increasing. This book is concerned to set Godwin in his place in the ferment of ideas in a revolutionary age. It is a highly accomplished work which students will read with benefit.

New Novels

The House of Gair. By Eric Linklater. Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d.

Hurry on Down. By John Wain. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Pye. By Mervyn Peake. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

The Stories of Frank O'Connor. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

SERIOUS-minded persons in the nineteenth century used to apologise when they were found reading 'only a novel'; and when the London Library was founded it did not admit works of fiction—an exception being made for those of George Eliot alone. It is as well to recall this view; it will serve to moderate our disappointment at finding so much competence and so little of anything else in most of the fiction we read. What reason have we to expect anything else, and how often does anything else occur? Very well, then: the evenings are drawing in, the first fuel crisis is not yet upon us: and Mr. Linklater and Mr. Wain turn up very opportunely to fill a blank evening.

The House of Gair has a curious air of anachronism. It is set in the present, the hero has a constant sense of guilt and a rather intermittent wife—as the blurb happily puts it, he is a 'modern man'. Yet the story is almost a Stevensonian romance, with a lonely house in the Highlands, a ghoulish old reprobate as its master, a sinister housekeeper, whisky and old stories over the fire. The intrigue extends back into the past—to the 'nineties, the *Yellow Book* world. It is concerned with blackmail and literary swindles, and more profitable successors of these enterprises at the present day. This is all very cosy, and as I push my cup of tea a little nearer the one-bar electric heater I feel a reminiscent glow. Mr. Linklater has always been good for an evening's entertainment, from the days of *Juan in China* and *Ripeness is All*. So he is here: the only worry in the book is the suggestion that he is doing something more. The story as a whole does not demand any more credence than it easily gets: but bits of reflection about right and wrong, life and death, the ethics of artistic creation and the narrator's relation to his wife—all undeveloped and without coherence—hint at depths which are not there. Perhaps they could be there: Mr. Linklater has much invention, both sombre and fantastic, a sense of place and atmosphere, and considerable skill, if little taste, with words. But he seems unwilling to stretch his imagination beyond purely conventional limits. We need not complain of that if we did not feel that it could stretch a little farther.

Hurry on Down is Mr. John Wain's first novel and it is written to something like the early Linklater's formula—a hapless hero and a series of picaresque adventures which do not quite demand our sober belief, yet are recognisably related to the sort of thing that goes on. Mr. Wain has been in charge of the 'First Readings' programme of the B.B.C., designed to produce the work of unknown writers. A controversy of surpassing silliness recently blew up over this enterprise in which Mr. Wain's defenders went near to presenting him as the conscientious leader of an *avant-garde* of Dim Young People. His novel doesn't read like this: but it doesn't take any very new soundings either. *Hurry on Down* is written with great spirit, and is often very funny. It has the

amiable and welcome quality of making the purlieu of urban England the setting for humour and fantasy. The hero is the modern kind of picaresque hero—the vague young man with no particular intentions who drifts from one job to another in an effort to find himself. Among other things he becomes a window-cleaner, a dope-runner, a hospital orderly, and a chauffeur. There are many good comic scenes, a few less good violent ones, and the surrounding detail is fresh, unhackneyed, and excellently observed. But Mr. Wain also endows his hero with an obscure desire to get outside society, or to live in it without belonging to it, or something of the sort. He has not thought very hard about this, and I don't think you need either. In fact, like Mr. Linklater, Mr. Wain keeps threatening to produce out of the hat, besides the usual storyteller's rabbit, some larger kind of game which in fact has never been present. He is lively, knowledgeable and humane; one kind of success is quite easily within his reach: it is possible that he ought to try something harder.

Mr. Mervyn Peake suffers from no confusion of purpose and no temptation to suggest the existence of hidden depths. With his *Mr. Pye* we enter the realm of pure fantasy. Perhaps a little too pure: fantasy needs a jumping-off place, preferably a solid one. At first it looks as though we are going to get it: the story is set in the island of Sark, and the topography is quite actual. It is the only thing that is actual, for this real landscape is not provided with real inhabitants; it is mostly peopled by a number of briskly animated puppets. The principal ones, however, are real imaginative creations. Mr. Pye, a pink and radiant little evangelist, sets out to convert the islanders, armed only with his dapper and affectionate personality and the love of God, or the Great Pal, as he prefers to put it. His landlady, the austere Miss Dredger, is surprised to find herself becoming his ally, and at first their enterprise is extremely successful. Unfortunately Mr. Pye grows so rapidly in grace and wisdom that wings begin to sprout from his shoulder-blades. These are an embarrassment to him, and he resolves to remove them by a conscientious course of sin. He scratches a polished table with his nail-scissors and makes faces at babies in prams: and the result of this evil living is that he sprouts a compensatory pair of horns. The balance between good and evil proves difficult to recapture, and the attempt to do so makes up the latter part of the book.

This sort of modern fairy tale is not to everybody's taste, but Mr. Peake has all the necessary grace and delicacy of style to pull it off. He has also the power of making his lightly drawn characters curiously compelling: and dear Mr. Pye and his allies are extremely sympathetic creations. The book is not quite a success in its kind: the incidents are a little too confused; but it is still extremely attractive. No one here has a sense of guilt or a worry about society,

and the story, so far as I can discover, has no message whatever. Instead it has some delightful illustrations by the author.

Frank O'Connor's short stories have long been famous; and, like so many pictures of Irish life, they present a problem to the outsider. Yeats said: 'O'Connor is doing for Ireland what Chekhov did for Russia'; but it is not one of his happier judgments. If Chekhov created an image of the Russian temperament that the non-Russian world has accepted as typical, this was surely an accident. He was writing for his fellow-countrymen, and the impression made on the rest of Europe was secondary. With many stories about Ireland one cannot be quite sure of this. It is hard to banish the suspicion that the Irish are being more or less consciously shown off to the rest of the world, in attitudes typical of themselves. There is a tendency to dramatise mere Irishness; the values that weigh most heavily tend to be those that are most local, not those that are merely human; and this is an immediate source of interest, yet in the end a limitation.

It also makes it hard to decide just where Mr. O'Connor stands. It is obvious that he is a very accomplished artist; that he is far too keen and accurate in his observation to acquiesce in the sentimental *clichés* about his country. On the contrary, even the most light-hearted of these stories show a cheerful acceptance of cupidity, spite, jealousy, and family hatred as the normal staple of life. The queer inversion of ordinary values that we find in 'The Playboy of the Western World' belongs to Mr. O'Connor's world too, and the hardness under the humour. The best of the lighter stories are those which have a small boy as the central figure; the setting is small-town working-class life; and the naked violence of the family conflicts is frightening: to a priest hearing confession it seems the most ordinary thing in the world that a small boy should plan to murder his tiresome grandmother and stab at his sister with the breadknife: yet we are to take all this as part of the ordinary domestic comedy. The reader stiffens his sinews and almost gets himself into a mood of acceptance, when it suddenly crosses his mind that he is being taken in again, that this is blarney in reverse, and that comic savagery is open to the same danger of self-consciousness as comic charm.

The sadness has the same wry detachment as the humour. The word pathos can hardly be used about 'The Babes in the Wood' or 'The Long Road to Ummerra'; the events are allowed to speak entirely for themselves and feeling is kept at a distance. The finest things in the book are perhaps the longer stories, 'Uprooted', 'The Masculine Principle', and 'The Holy Door'. Here the narrative is more leisurely, and a graver and closer understanding makes its appearance beneath the humour, the sordidness and the inhibition of small-town Irish life.

GRAHAM HOUGH

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

O.B. versus the Studio

THERE HAVE BEEN MOMENTS, lately more frequent, when I have stopped in my tracks to wonder whether television criticism is a man's-size job. There has not to my knowledge been a home cinema critic, and television is still often reminiscent of the home cinema in the scale of its programmes as of its screen. The equation ceases to be fair in regard to television outside broadcasting, in which it connects us with life as it is being lived, with history as it is being made. 'And now we return you to McDonald-Hobley in the studio' usually means that in effect we are being asked to resume looking through the wrong end of the telescope.

My soul-searching was accentuated last week by the excessively praised 'Dockland' programme which allegedly took us to the Sailors' Home at Stepney, though the sets were studio reconstructions and the characters impersonated. I have nothing to say against the fabrication. The documentary-drama technique has fairly large possibilities for television, though it is important that they should be sharply defined. 'Dockland' was of the *genre* in which 'The Course of Justice' remains the model, with producer, designer, and writer acting in concert and none meriting more credit than the others. Though superior in quality to most documentary programmes, it was no television masterpiece and there is nothing to be gained that I can think of by putting it about that it was. The self-consciously literary approach, with its reiterated invocations of Conrad the sailor, left one with the impression of a writer flourishing his gifts rather than

subordinating them to the partnership which is particularly essential to this kind of production. Here, as in the 'Course of Justice' series, the designer of the sets, for example, contributed substantially to the success of the programme.

I enjoyed 'Dockland' and must in fairness say so. Not for a moment was I taken in by its plausibilities. It is true, but no supreme compliment, to say of Duncan Ross that he is documentary television's best writer. So far he has had no rival to compel him to polish his spurs.

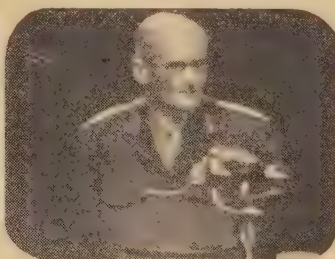
weighty documentary affair of the week, I cannot say that I enjoyed 'International Survey', my feelings in this instance being a compound of disappointment and respect. It was largely prefatory, as the first of a series, but it was also dull. Despite the use of newsreel shots, most of them too recent in the memory to be interesting all over again just yet, the presentation was awkwardly static, with Chester Wilmot and Alain Bullock talking to us for long spells and really saying very little. Both men are

efficient at the job of personal communication and another thing about them is that they are not camera fidgets. When the time comes for them to report to us in more intimate terms, giving their impressions of the foreign scene, no doubt the series will wake up and we shall think it highly worth while. The producer may not need any reminder from me that many of us viewers expect a high standard in international commentary programmes, thanks to the experienced touch of Grace Wyndham Goldie.

The big football match at Wembley, where eleven Englishmen failed their ancestors in proving that any one of them was a match for six from the Rest of the World, restored my self-esteem as a critic. For one thing, there was nothing to criticise and much to appreciate: first-rate television. I thoroughly relished eighty-nine of its ninety minutes, the last minute of all, in which we got the equalising goal, filling me with nervous apprehension about our national prestige.

The camera crews earned a vote of thanks for demonstrating there a high sense of duty to the viewing million or so. They kept up remarkably with the often tremendous pace and enabled us to see some fine football.

The time for celebrating El Alamein having come again, we had the televised proceedings



As seen by the viewer: the Duke of Edinburgh and Lord Montgomery speaking at the El Alamein reunion on October 23



From 'Remembering a Victory' on October 22: a portrait of Lady Hamilton; and the only photograph of a sailor who was present at Nelson's death

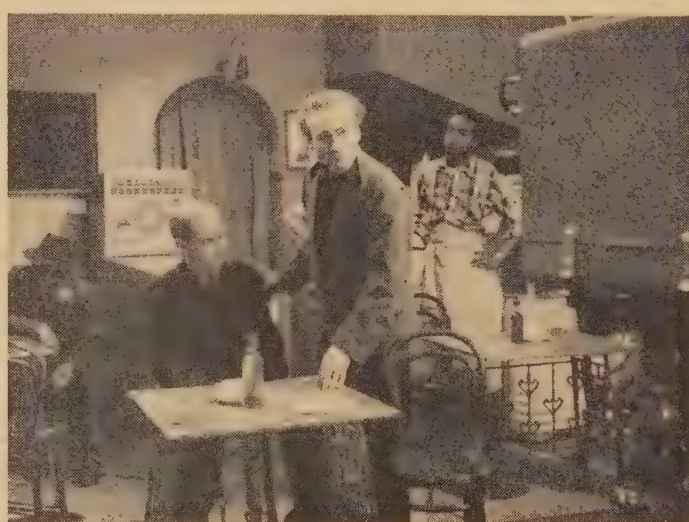
Photographs: John Cura

As for the view that he has erected an imposing edifice of television writing and producing, I am not so conceited as to suppose that I alone have espied ham hanging from the rafters.

On the other hand, and to speak of the other



Jeanne Heal showing contemporary designs in wallpapers, in 'Leisure and Pleasure' on October 20



Scene from the documentary television programme, 'Dockland', on October 19: Ishmaeli's Café

from the Empress Hall on Friday, giving us good pictures of the Duke of Edinburgh, Field-Marshal Montgomery, Anthony Eden, Colonel Hunt, and General Gruenther in action as speakers of the evening. We heard platitudes and we also heard hard sense, a strong dose of it from the American chief of Nato. Pictorially, the occasion was mainly one of lighted silhouettes and, I thought, not enough camera attention was given to the men who fought the battle and who formed the reunion audience. It is easy to take stock of these omissions; often not so easy, for technical reasons, to obviate them.

'Viewers in south-east England had better shake the moth out of their winter overcoats—the first cold snap is on the way'. We shall never be allowed to hear it announced thus jauntily; but how tedious, night after night, is the jargon of the weather charts. I feel more entitled to assert that many viewers are irritated by it than Louis MacNeice, the sound radio producer who writes in the latest *B.B.C. Quarterly*, is to assert that many people were bored by the Coronation procession on the television screen.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Operation Ennui

A DEADLY HANGOVER from the war is the habit of labelling everything operation this, operation that. A housewife cannot buy a vegetable without reference being made to 'Operation Cauliflower'. Secretly I confess now to the fact that a play called 'Operation "Northstar"' made a bad preliminary impression. Otherwise I was hoping for the best, which is unworldly, perhaps, seeing that, even with millions of pounds at its disposal, the television drama department could not hope to supply an unbroken succession of fresh masterpieces. One knows that many of the plays must in fact be duds. But one should delude oneself, or despair takes one in its grip. And since the war, television has found one good thriller, 'Dial M for Murder'.

'Operation "Northstar"' was not in this class: after half an hour, it was clear that it was in no class at all, save that of the slap-dash quickie or television serial (like the dreary 'Place of Execution', currently). All one could say was that the essential mystery, the question of 'who', was not made too obvious up till the last seconds, and that this, for the kind of play, is rated success of a kind. I'm afraid I did guess quite easily, but there is satisfaction of a melancholy sort in saying 'Thought so'. Perhaps people seldom get much more out of a thriller. There was also the passing melancholy fun of assessing the degrees of American-ness in the accents. The place, of course, was that no-man's-land of contemporary art, the 'central European country', with trimmings from 'The Third Man', including a sinister stringed instrument furiously jangled; but one had to be very naive to swallow the talk: still more so the intonations. Since the rise of the talking cinema, we British have made gratifying strides in American. It is a second, often a first, language for the under-thirties; we are a long way from the days when American was referred to as 'the twang', and *Punch* began all its anti-American jokes with the words 'Say, bo, I guess'... etc.



Scene from 'Operation "Northstar"' on October 25, with (left to right) Faith Brook as Helen Quaid, Robert Ayres as Colonel Mark Cleaver, and Lee Patterson as Captain Tom Bryn

Some of the accents of the Americans in this play were authentic enough; but others were only so-so, or seemed so-so, which is confusing, because they may have been genuine American accents half-unconsciously veiled and mitigated in the supposed interest of softening the blow for the stuck-up Briddishers. What was carefully called 'The Other Side', the iron-curtainities—well, they talked, as they are always made to, a strange kind of Viennese yiddish, which, like stage-Welsh ('Look you whateffer', etc.) has almost acquired the dignity of a real language. Here there were several sorts of exponents; the more or less genuine foreign accent of Dr. Horn (in which that fine actor Arnold Marlé had a thin melodramatic vacancy to fill as best he could) was contrasted with the rich Golders Greenery of Harold Kasket as Szimek, the black-marketeer. Slightly different again were George Herbert and Derek Prouse.

And what did they say? it may be asked. The terrible thing is that one has forgotten already,



Patricia Miller and David Poole, of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, in 'Beauty and the Beast' on October 20

but perhaps if we have got to sit it out again on Thursday this is a benison of nature, who wonderfully arranges for oblivion before pain grows too intense. The American team had more interesting exchanges; there the ambassador, for example, Natalie Benesch, who was always saying sprightly things (as ambassadors should). And there was Helen Quaid, a young lady much given to blowing smoke down her nostrils like a property dragon in a Wagnerian opera. Hers was a name which would have delighted Henry James, who had trouble with nomenclature ('Denscher', 'Quindrop' are unhappy examples from the same novel). A Jamesian, I could find the ideas of Quietness and Staidness in Miss Helen's patronymic. But she wasn't really very like that when it came to the point; and the Jamesian suggestion grew thinner and thinner every time she opened her rosebud lips. There was the question of 'being stood up on a date' (I take it I do not have to translate this) by her *fiancé*, nice, kindly Colonel Cleaver (Robert Ayres), and of being turned over to his 'noo purrsnal assistant' (Lee Patterson), a nice young man with doe-like eyes, but, from the point of view of security, which was his work, something of a risk owing to his recurrent blackouts and a tolerance of hypnotism like that of a Wilkie Collins heroine.

Miss Faith Brook, as the aforesaid Quiet and Staid, made the best of this, however; and Mr. Patterson was soon inviting her out for dinner. But where to go? Here Henry James would have taken longer. The problem was resolved thus. 'Someplace noisy, huh?' The other, with the delicate innuendo of shy mastodon, 'Someplace quiet'. 'Okay then, the Mogador'. Alas, at the Mogador, he had one of his attacks while waiting at the bar. And later found himself all in white at Dr. Horn's clinic, braced in a dentist's chair, but too ready to go into a traitorous trance. But I really must not spoil the fun for those who will be seeing it for the first time on Thursday. The production was competent and the intention, I suppose, good.

Personally I preferred the children's mystery (by Anthony C. Wilson) some hours beforehand, all about a ripping family in High Peak Farm, with a slightly sinister schoolmarm come as a P.G., and letting on she was interested in geological specimens, as if the boys—'Run along and wash your grubby little hands'—believed that one. When the distinguished bass Ian Wallace came to the back door delivering groceries, mystification and surprise surged in my breast, contending. Something, at least.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Make-Believe

THERE CAN HARDLY be a more familiar play than 'The Merchant of Venice'. Indeed, it is known so well that the playgoer (or listener) sometimes lets it slide over him: he knows, without hearing, that Shylock is proposing the 'merry bond', that Bassanio chooses the casket, that Portia is unleashing 'the quality of mercy'. I have, too, heard players clearly content to scurry through the piece and get the thing over, draining it of all excitement. (In the same way, few Macduffs, in a 'Macbeth' revival, ever give its full quality to the phrase, 'one fell swoop',

presumably because it has grown into a *cliché*, and the actor has not the imagination to recreate it.) 'The Merchant' is full of dangers. That was why the performance by the Stratford-upon-Avon company (Third) was so refreshing. Here the piece was treated as the brimming narrative, the defiant bit of make-believe, it is. No producer whispered to us that he felt as tired of the casketry as we were—and see how artfully he could get over it. Nobody was forcing or fantasticating. It was just the once-upon-a-time anecdote, in its gleaming verse and prose: a rendering that grew strongly to the trial in the 'strict court' where Lady of Belmont and Jew of Venice meet for fifteen minutes only ('Tarry, Jew!'), and slipped away to the last moonlit frolic with the rings. Peggy Ashcroft, always endearingly the mistress of Belmont and never (as so many advocates are) overconfident in the court, is the best Portia of our time: she could not have come from a leaden casket. Michael Redgrave's uncompromising Shylock has developed since March; and Yvonne Mitchell and Tony Britton are as attractive as before. 'Ink fills each casket', once wrote a gloomy rhymist. 'The whole thing is planned as a portentous exercise . . .'. Nonsense! When 'The Merchant' is spoken as it was on Sunday, all other passions fleet to air.

From Belmont to more make-believe—now in the Forest of Ardenne. This is not 'As You Like It', but another part of another forest: Herman Closson's symbolic Belgian Resistance play about 'The Four Sons of Aymon' (Home), who bore their swords and rode the magic charger in the days of Charlemagne. Here, again, sincerity conquered. It is an in-and-out play, but E. J. King Bull let it tell its own story without warning us everlastingly that we were coming to a good passage . . . in ten seconds from now. The Four Chevaliers had the right shining spirit—Anthony Jacobs especially in a last ruffle of heroics—but I regretted that Olaf Pooley had to cope with a singularly unmagical wizard.

It has been a week for the high horse. Besides the rescuing Bayart, we have had the no less redoubtable Forest King from 'Under Two Flags' (Home). The fourth instalment of this serial sent me to fumble for more 'Ouida' on the bookshelves. Raymond Raikes and his cast are having a rich time with nonsense that reminds me of Leigh Hunt on 'Pizarro': 'A tall spouting gentleman in tinsel'. It is the sort of piece in which people observe, 'I was Beauty of the Brigades, y'see, and I had my reputation', or 'Lady Guenevere! Gad! You look enchantin'. Cyril Shaps, narratin' as the Marquis of Rockingham who becomes the Duke of Lyonesse, puts on a relishing liqueur-brandy manner. And 'Ouida' and John Keir Cross (who has adapted the book) offer what is still a preposterously good story. Lord Clincham, I daresay, would have described it as 'but piffle before the wind', but it makes the briskest radio. We left two flying shapes hurtling across the moonlit plain. Will Beauty of the Brigades escape from the police? Undoubtedly. 'Under another flag', as Mr. Shaps said in effect. 'The deuce! It's not a bad idea'.

There is little make-believe in another serial, 'Boldness Be My Friend' (Home). I missed the first instalment of this record of war-time escape in central Europe. The second was tautly strung, aided by the speaking of James McKechnie as Richard Pape, the airman. We left him with his companion on the wrong bank of the Oder; the ice on which they would have crossed had melted. I imagine they are over it by now; for once I detested the informative (but, it seemed to me, mocking) voice of the announcer as he told us we must wait another week. I was less worried when 'The Light Optimists' (Light) ended, for although the players

were gallant, and we were interviewing someone called Mr. Roman Candle (subject: fireworks), the fireworks appeared to be intermittent, and with each flight of make-believe my (personal) pessimism grew.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

The Younger Generation

THIS CRITIC, SEGREGATED from the world either on his hearth or at his desk, sometimes pauses to wonder what effect, if any, is produced by the fulminations, panegyrics and tepidities which he launches weekly from his village post-office. He knows that some of the readers of THE LISTENER are exasperated, amused, or even interested, because they sometimes write and tell him so, but what happens when THE LISTENER is delivered at Broadcasting House? It would be pleasant to imagine the whole Talks Department scrambling for it, turning feverishly for the vital page to learn the fate of their efforts. Occasionally I have been gratified to note that my advice has been accepted and put into practice in the following week; but second thoughts have proved only too surely that the improvements must have been made before my article appeared in print. But there is other criticism whose effect is much less open to doubt and much more potent, because more pointed than can be conveyed in print. I refer to those parodies of certain types of broadcast which occur from time to time as features in some of the humorous series.

For example, when listening last week to 'Top of the Form' in the Light Programme my mind flashed back to a similar feature in Peter Ustinov and Peter Jones' 'In All Directions', in which, a year or so ago, we heard, or thought we heard, a team of English schoolchildren competing with a team of little Germans. I cannot believe that any schoolchild or question-master who heard this outrageously funny parody was not instantly and permanently purged of certain of his feeble characteristics. It was a deadly dose, the more so that it was so fiendishly close to actual programmes I have heard from the B.B.C. Whether John Ellison, Robert MacDermot (the two question-masters), the girls of the County School at Pontypool and the boys of the County Grammar School at Gowerton heard it I don't, of course, know, but I can declare at least that the young people were free alike from the 'um'-ing and 'er'-ing and scatter-brained guessing of the little English, and the soggy, long-winded, parrot-like infallibility of the little Germans. Nor did Mr. Ellison and Mr. MacDermot resemble the soft avuncular types so cruelly and accurately caricatured by Messrs. Ustinov and Jones.

The questions asked covered a wide field—the meaning of unusual words or expressions; questions referring to novels by Dickens, Stevenson, Kipling; and quotations from Chaucer and Shakespeare; and finally on general topical information. It was a lively, quick-moving programme very easy on the ear. The girls won the contest by a handsome majority and there was no doubt that they were the more knowing of the two teams. Not only that; they were also the less intimidated by the publicity of the event. One of the girls, when handed a page containing a few bars of music and asked to sing it (an ordeal which would have drowned me in confusion) boldly launched into the Toreador's song from 'Carmen' and was with difficulty prevented from continuing indefinitely. The boys, on the other hand, though they put up a good show, showed a becoming bashfulness.

Earlier the same evening I listened to 'Question Time' from Dagengham, Essex, also on the Light Programme, a half-hour broadcast in which 'The Younger Generation'—in this case members of the Marley Youth Centre—put ques-

tions to Anona Winn, Denzil Batchelor, and Frank Tilsley. Jack Longland was in the chair. These samples of the younger generation were, of course, of riper years than those who figured in 'Top of the Form', and their questions provoked lively discussions on such themes as professional football, the treatment of love in fiction, the usefulness or uselessness of trade unions, and friendship. It was evident that the questioners were young people accustomed to think for themselves. The programme was a nicely balanced blend of seriousness and hilarity.

In the series on 'Religion and Philosophy' for schools, Canon C. E. Raven, ex-Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, in dealing with 'The Beginnings of Modern Science' spoke of the life and work of John Ray (1628-1705) who has been described as the greatest botanist of all time. This was a delightful talk, well worth the attention not only of senior schoolchildren but of listeners whose schooldays have long since receded into a misty past.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

If Wagner were Alive . . .

THE MAGNIFICENT RECORDING of 'The Ring' deserves more extended notice than I was able to give it last week—the more so in that the cycle is at the moment in the throes of rebirth at Covent Garden. It happens that, owing to absence abroad, I 'came in' halfway through, and have been able to catch up with some of the performances, Vinay's Siegmund and Hotter's Wotan in 'Die Walküre', of which I missed the broadcast. Vinay's performance was good to see; he created a lithe, tough hero, capable in fight and passionate in love. I doubt whether one would have found his performance as satisfactory to hear at home. Similarly Hotter's magnificent presence and noble acting establishes before our eyes the great personality of Wotan, which his voice alone, lacking as it is in richness of resonance, cannot achieve. Of this we had evidence in the broadcast of 'Siegfried'.

It is possible—and one ought to allow for it—that some of the other performances, which seemed to me of no more than 'utility' standard, would in the Festspielhaus have made a greater impression. But I can hardly believe that Martha Mödl's Brünnhilde will take its place among the great interpretations of the part. Capable though it was, her voice lacked the essential bite and brilliance for the great moments—for the oath in Act II of 'Götterdämmerung', for instance. Miss Harshaw, who sang the part at Covent Garden last week, seems to me to have the chief qualifications for the role, a fine and accurate voice, an attractive appearance, and intelligence. That she is young seems to me no disadvantage, and indeed made the naive impulsiveness of her reaction to Wotan's distress and Siegmund's anguish the more credible and moving. No doubt her performance—I saw the second one, in which she had settled down after an anxious first night—needs greater breadth and subtlety, but it seems to me to be on the right lines and already a thing of beauty. I make no excuse for this excursion from the hearth, for I am sure that this Brünnhilde will before long be visiting us there.

The broadcasts of 'The Ring' which, as I remarked last week, showed a great technical advance upon those of previous years, were the occasion of a talk in which reference was made to the new Bayreuth production. The expensive machinery having been destroyed, the young Wagners have made a virtue of necessity and play the operas on a more or less bare stage with the minimum of scenery and achieve all the effect by the lighting. I am, by the way, amused to observe that spotlights are condemned, when used at Covent Garden, but are

'quite the thing' at Bayreuth. Last Saturday I thought the lighting in 'Die Walküre' very successful, apart from one or two slips, in moulding the action in light.

The Bayreuth production, we are told, is what Wagner would approve, were he alive today. This assumption seems to me to contain a major fallacy. The theatre of 100 years ago delighted in realistic effects achieved by elaborate scenery and in magical illusions. The entertainments of Maskelyne and Devant, which survived into our own times, presented nightly at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly disappearances and transformations far more puzzling than anything achieved by the Tarnhelm. Revolutionary though Wagner was, he was still bound by the theatrical technique and fashions of his day. Had he been

born in 1913, instead of 1813, he would at this moment be engaged upon the composition of 'Das Rheingold', and I don't doubt that the first performance of the whole cycle some twenty years hence would be a very different work from 'The Ring' we know. Wagner would probably share the current aversion from the realistic presentation of theatrical illusions. By all means let us try to present his great drama with modern techniques and make it as effective as we can to modern audiences. But let us not pretend that it is what the nineteenth-century Wagner, the only one who exists, would approve if he could see it.

Personally I think the reaction against the literal presentation of the action can be carried too far. Some of Wagner's demands are obvi-

ously beyond practical realisation. Brünnhilde cannot *credibly*—that is the important word—ride Grane into the flames, though she has been known to amble off into the wings on a well-trained horse. But it seems to me just silly to put Wotan's spear far out of striking distance of Siegmund's sword at the end of Act II in 'Die Walküre'. Nothing is gained by avoiding what can so easily be done.

Of other music heard during the past week I greatly enjoyed John Tobin's revival of 'Alexander Balus', which sounded fresh and delightful shorn of the heavy 'Handelian' bow-wow manner, and I should no doubt have enjoyed Sargent's performance of 'Ein Heldenleben' had reception been better.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

John Dunstable

By DENIS STEVENS

The first of six programmes of Dunstable's music will be broadcast at 6.50 p.m. on Thursday, November 5 (Third)

JOHN DUNSTABLE, who died in London 500 years ago, was acknowledged by musicians, poets, and theorists as one of the prime musicians of his day. His fame, moreover, far from being a purely local affair, had spread throughout all Europe, so that the gradual assembly of the complete corpus of his works has in recent times necessitated a musicological grand tour, including libraries in England, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, and Spain. Well over sixty complete works are now known and transcribed, yet at the end of the last century the total number was less than half a dozen. The first steps towards rescuing our greatest medieval composer from oblivion were taken by an English bibliographer and scholar, W. Barclay Squire, who visited Modena, Bologna and Vienna (for the Trent manuscripts were then in the hands of the Austrian Government) and copied some of Dunstable's motets.

His versions were literally copies—quasi-facsimiles of the fifteenth-century choir-books from which he worked. The complex mensural notation in which the motets were written was quite undecipherable, and even twenty years after Squire's preliminary investigations, editors still had to admit that it was 'not possible to fit the three parts of these motets to one another'. Much has been learned of Dunstable's notational subtleties since then, and it is both fitting and gratifying to do homage to him on the occasion of the quinqucentenary of his death by performing some of his music, which has now been completely transcribed by the American musicologist Manfred F. Bukofzer.

Dunstable's life, like that of so many other medieval musicians, is still very much of a closed book to us. He probably took his name from his native town in Bedfordshire, and we know that he served the then Duke of Bedford, brother of King Henry V, as a member of his private chapel. Since the Duke was Regent of France until his death in 1435, Dunstable must have become accustomed even in his youth to a life of continual travel and service in foreign parts. He probably received his training as a chorister in the Chapel Royal, described by a contemporary as '*plena cantoribus ampla capella*'. But its amplitude was somewhat reduced by the Duke himself in 1418, when he removed six men from it in order to make up the group of singers which was to accompany him on all his European travels. It is likely that one of the men was John Dunstable, and perhaps not without significance that a treatise on astronomy, written down by the composer in 1438, coincides roughly with the date of the

return to England of the Duke of Bedford's chapel. At last the picture becomes clear: for nearly twenty years Dunstable lived in Europe, and was constantly occupied in singing and composing. Hence the remarkable number of his works in European libraries, compared with the meagre handful found in England, where he had been so far forgotten by his fellow-musicians that the scribe who copied 'Veni Sancte Spiritus' into the Old Hall Manuscript did not even know the composer's name.

The political upheaval caused by England's withdrawal from France, and the intrigue which was eventually to burst forth in the Wars of the Roses, may well have caused Dunstable's retirement from the musical world and from the rigours of medieval travelling. He appears to have written no music during the last fifteen years of his life, and this fact seems to be at least partly confirmed by an epitaph penned by an Abbot of St. Alban's, who called Dunstable 'an astrologian, a mathematician, a musician, and what not'. Music takes third place, and is only saved from being last by a casual appendage. There is hardly another reference to Dunstable by an English writer until the time of Thomas Morley, who (in punning mood) calls him a dunce because he 'hath not only divided the sentence but in the very middle of a word hath made two long rests'. Morley was not to know that a fifteenth-century tenor, whether or not it was underlaid with text, called for instrumental rather than vocal performance. Continental writers showed a kinder disposition towards Dunstable, however, and the glowing records of Tinctoris, Martin le Franc, and Eloy d'Amerval more than make up for the lack of interest in England.

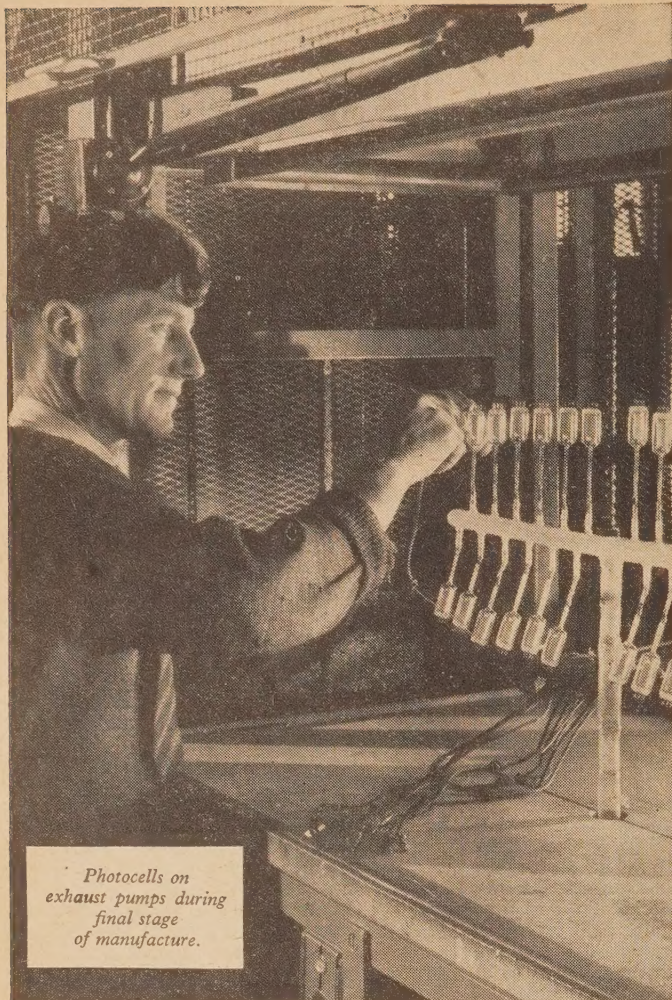
Tinctoris stresses the suave character of Dunstable's music, and he also mentions that the composer stands at the forefront of 'a new art whose fount and origin is held to be among the English'. The new art was in fact nothing more than a fusion of the harmonic factors inherent in English discant and the contrapuntal ingenuities of the French *Ars Nova*. The former relied upon the smooth and easily-flowing consonances caused by a profusion of chords of the first inversion, besides favouring homophonic movement based on a note-against-note treatment of the plainsong, which was always in the lowest voice. The latter made use of rhythmic subtleties which, if they held terrors for the singer and player, loosed innumerable delights upon the ear of the listener; and it was just this marriage between smooth harmony and flowing counterpoint that made Dunstable's music unique.

It remained so until the secret was learnt by Dufay and Binchois, whose names are so often coupled with that of Dunstable by French poets of the fifteenth century.

By far the greater part of Dunstable's music consists of motets for the Sarum rite, and especially motets in honour of the Virgin. Medieval England knew no greater or more intense personal worship than this, and the feeling of tenderness and calm which pervades Dunstable's wonderful settings of Marian antiphons is a musical reflection of the spirit of worship itself. Occasionally the motets are troped: that is, filled out with new textual matter, which is sometimes unconnected with any similar contemporary source. One explanation is to credit Dunstable with the composition of the extra verbal material as well as with the music, though the new text might equally well have been the result of collaboration with a colleague.

Certain motets intended for use on saints' days are in complete contrast to the more intimate works, for they tend to employ four voice-parts rather than three, and usually there is an isorhythmic tenor to bind the structure tightly together. The melodic base of the isorhythmic tenor was generally a fragment of plainchant, while the rhythmic base depended entirely upon the composer's imagination. He would invent a pattern of notes and rests, the former to give harmonic support and at the same time to ensure an almost statuesque immobility of harmony: the latter to guarantee frequent change of texture combined with opportunities for duos in the upper voice-parts. These duos seem to be a feature of Dunstable's music which was copied by English and continental composers alike, setting a fashion which lasted well on into the sixteenth century.

There are several settings of individual sections of the Ordinary of the Mass by Dunstable, and these include six 'paired movements' (so called because they can be grouped together through similarity of plainsong or of musical style) and one cyclic Mass on 'Rex seculorum'. Although two sections of this Mass are ascribed in one source to Leonel Power, there appears to be good reason for assuming that Dunstable was really the author. A handful of secular songs and instrumental pieces hints that Dunstable was not greatly attracted to these forms, though his setting of 'O rosa bella' (if indeed it is his) inspired many arrangements of the song and even gave rise to Masses and motets built upon the melody itself. At its best, Dunstable's music was fit 'not only for men and for heroes', as Tinctoris tells us, 'but even for the immortal gods'.



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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

NOW IS THE TIME to make Christmas puddings, for a good, rich Christmas pudding needs at least two months—if not a year—to sit in the larder and mature. If you like a dark, rich pudding, as most of us do, you will need to put in good ingredients and plenty of fruit. But at the same time there are a few economies you can make. For instance, I buy cut peel loose, not in a packet. It can be about fifty per cent. cheaper that way. And you will find that suet bought from the butcher is generally cheaper than ready-prepared packet suet—though, of course, more trouble to prepare. Those large raisins with the stones in them are a little cheaper than the seedless varieties: again, more trouble to prepare but, in my opinion anyway, well worth it for their far superior fruity flavour. While we are on the subject of ingredients I must mention my best buy this year—a pound of brownish-black Barbados sugar. If you can get that, you will find it gives a wonderful dark colour to the puddings.

To make 4 medium-sized Christmas puddings you will need:

- 1½ lb. of raisins
- ¾ lb. of sultanas
- 1½ lb. of currants
- ½ lb. of dates
- ½ lb. of chopped peel
- 2 oz. of chopped almonds
- ¾ lb. of plain flour
- 1 teaspoon of baking powder
- 1 teaspoon of cinnamon

- ½ teaspoon of ground ginger
- ½ teaspoon of grated nutmeg
- 1 lb. of shredded suet
- 1 lb. of fresh breadcrumbs
- 1 lb. of brown sugar (preferably Barbados)
- 6 eggs
- 1 small wineglass of rum
- old ale to mix

Have all the fruit prepared. Sift the flour, baking powder and spices, and mix with the suet, breadcrumbs, sugar and fruit. Add the beaten egg and rum gradually. Stir in sufficient old ale to make a fairly soft dropping consistency (approx. ½-¾ pint is generally needed). Put into well-greased pudding basins. Tie on two thicknesses of grease-proof paper, greased where it touches the pudding. Steam for 8 or 9 hours. Before using, steam for a further 2 hours.

For pressure cooking you will find the full instructions are issued by the manufacturers. But here are a few hints. You can use any type of basin—heat-proof glass, china, aluminium, or enamel—provided, of course, they are not cracked or faulty. For size, choose a basin that will not touch the sides or top of the pan.

You will note that you have to steam the pudding first without pressure for about ½-¾ hour. Do this with a low heat so that only a gentle amount of steam comes from the vent. Do not let the steam belch out or the pan may boil dry. When the actual pressure cooking is finished—generally after only 2 hours—remove the pan from the heat and let the pressure reduce slowly. On Christmas Day give the pudding

another ¼-hour's pressure cooking—no need to steam it first this time.

LOUISE DAVIES

HOME-MADE PICKLES

In a talk printed in *THE LISTENER* of October 1, Louise Davies advised those preparing home-made pickles not to buy cheap, bulk vinegar. She now reports that there is a bulk vinegar manufactured which is strong enough for use in pickling.

Notes on Contributors

- JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER (page 711): political correspondent of *Le Monde*
 WILLIAM CLARK (page 715): on editorial staff of *The Observer*
 HONOR CROOME (page 716): economist and journalist; author (with W. G. King) of *The Livelihood of Man, The Approach to Economics*, etc.
 ROBIN HUMPHREYS (page 721): Professor of Latin-American History, University of London since 1948; author of *The Evolution of Modern Latin America, Liberation in South America, 1806-1827*, etc.
 W. E. SWINTON (page 723): palaeontologist; Senior Principal Scientific Officer at the British Museum (Natural History); author of *Corridor of Life*
 MARTIN COOPER (page 727): music critic, editor of *Musical Times*; author of *Georges Bizet*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,226.

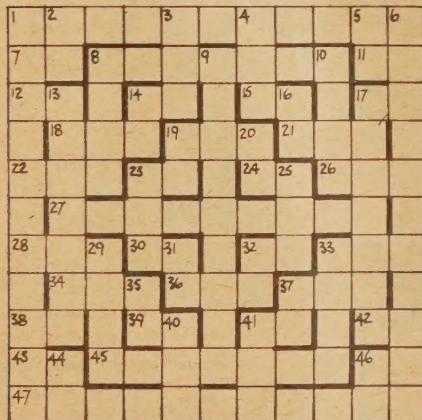
Displaced Persons.

By Peto

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, November 5

In the solution to each clue are three or more consecutive letters which may be arranged to form a common Christian name. When this name has been removed, the remaining letters are to be entered in the puzzle, e.g., from the solution FIREBRAND, remove BERNARD—leaving FI. The letters of the following are unchecked in the solution: PHILPOTT T. MINTERN, BORN LINCOLN, MCCOLL.



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CLUES—ACROSS

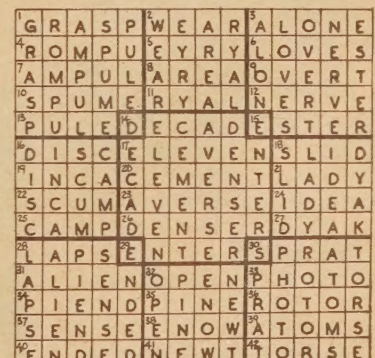
1. No strong drink in these areas? (9, 5).
7. Heat gives short American state or 99 (7).
8. You can keep such a thing (11).
11. Like the central mass or comet-head (7).
- 12R. Club-moss in any turnip disease (6).
14. He tried to change Pb into Au (9).
15. Did he leave his home in Bolton? (8).
17. Look in the marshes for the convicts (6).
- 18R. The bird following a hundred is lacking in spirit (6).
19. Does this bird need ground food? (9).
- 21R. They have eight stamens (9).
22. A follower of the solar system (9).
- 23R. Adorn with central standard (7).
24. Passionate north in flower (7).
26. Underwear or heather by the Lake (8).
27. Question raised during a debate (14).
28. United Greeks (6).
- 30R. Dry outside and first-rate within—obviously the place to keep the milk (5).
32. Stone design for this law (6).
33. Waltzed with a lion dramatically (9).
34. Science of musical sounds (9).
36. Is nothing dead or put in quarantine (7).
37. Provinces of Morocco? (9).
- 38R. Keeps control though he appears to be getting old (7).
39. Such poetry expresses emotion (7).
41. It's sad about the twisted fibre resembling flesh (7).
- 42R. Jewish surpluses (6).
43. 99 dash 500 for this poppy (7).
45. Plate or hop shows disagreement (11).
46. Decapitated with close to an article means things to be done (6).
47. It presents distant objects in relief (15).

DOWN

1. Like the tinkling of bells (14).
- 2R. Motor starts a musket (7).
3. Twist in the end (8).
4. Not a cake-walk though there's plenty—(9). . .
5. . . while this is just sufficient (6).
6. Card game after interruption gets one over the river (10, 6).
8. Singular book from the O.T. (9).
9. Such divination is straight from the shoulder-blades (13).
10. Tinge with red (9).

13. Martha toiling in the maths class, perhaps (13).
- 14R. Turning point ends in a river (6).
- 16R. One of those plucky fellows who found a wooden horse (6).
17. To trifle with boldness might well be (13).
19. Provencal street dance (9).
20. Grandee becomes angered (7).
23. By-and-by (9).
25. Stately despite something ludicrous in the middle (8).
29. Wriggled along on all fours and bred claims for a change (9).
- 31R. It sounds like an opponent coming (7).
32. Evict mine for a motive (9).
- 33R. A lone comic can be frugal (10).
- 35R. Back sail had large flowers (7).
37. A little medicine covers all (6).
40. Humble headland in depth (7).
41. How bloodthirsty to make south like a snake! (8).
44. 'Phone out of order?—well, it's the last possible date (8).
- 46R. Knight-errant finds the boy in pain (7).

Solution of No. 1,224



Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. A. Muir (Glasgow); 2nd prize: Mrs. Kathleen Bean (Painswick); 3rd prize: A. J. Withycombe (Exeter).

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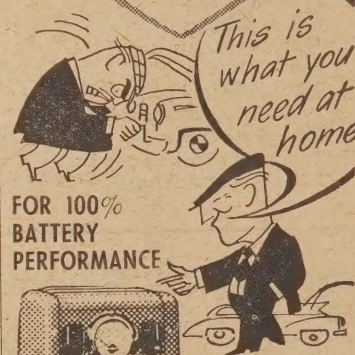
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